Week ending May 3 1958 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

IAN HENDERSON'S HUNT FOR KIMATHI

Trapped in the jungle by a Mau Mau gang

A BRILLIANT NEW

RAFFLES STORY

What can we do about your headaches?

by Dr. BRIAN ANSON

How to split a second

IF PRECISE time hangs in the balance — as it often does for doctors, technicians, engineers and sportsmen — you would be better off to trust a jewelled-lever Swiss chronograph.

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SWISS FEDERATION OF WATCH MANUFACTURERS

THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

Free Speech

The Lurking Dangers In The Campaign For Cleaner Food

My wife is a fanatic about clean food. She scalds bacon before cooking it, for example, and always peels fruit. The only time she eats outside our home is at an hotel where the standard of cleanliness is doubtless pretty high.

Yet whenever we go abroad she always suffers from some sort of stomach trouble. I believe the reason is that she has lost resistance to the effects of the bacteria present in a lot of the food we eat.

I reckon the day's coming when everything we eat will be so hygienic (and flavourless) that if we happen to eat something that hasn't been sterilized (and still has bags of flavour) it will be dangerous, and our coddled stomachs will have lost the battle before it starts.

B. GRIFFITHS, CARDIFF, WALES.

"This is not an unreasonable argument," says a doctor. "Resistance to germs, whether of colds, flu and so on, or germs of food poisoning, is built up by minor exposure to infection. If the minor exposures are restricted, the body becomes more vulnerable to attacks by these germs. Nonetheless, high standards of hygiene wiped out typhoid, and we'd be wise to maintain them."

★ ★ ★

Wedding Pence

I was interested in Alan Lloyd's article, "Can You Afford A Champagne Bride?" (JOHN BULL, March 29). In his youth my grandfather, who will be ninety this year, attended what must have been one of the last "penny weddings" in Scotland. All wedding expenses were paid by the guests, each of whom contributed a small sum in coppers, not exceeding a shilling. Anything left over after expenses had been covered was handed to the newly-weds.

MRS. M. SOWERSBY, WEST STREET, SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, ESSEX.

★ ★ ★

Back To The Sink

I was a teacher when I married nineteen years ago, but I had to give up my job because the local authority wouldn't employ married women as teachers.

Seven months ago I was approached by the authority and asked to teach temporarily at a local school. I agreed and quickly found my feet in the classrooms.

Three weeks ago I received notice because the teacher I had replaced had come out of hospital. Now, after only a few weeks at home, I wish I'd never taken on the teaching. I miss the money, but, more important, housework has become drudgery. I loathe every minute of it and find myself thinking continually of my small charges at the school.

G. J. W., GLAMORGAN.

★ ★ ★

Quick-change Artists

Small circuses are certainly still operating ("Free Speech," March 15). I saw one perform in the hall of a village in the Cotswolds last Whitsuntide.

With help from four assistants, Buffalo Bill gave us acts entitled The Talking Whips and Sharpshooting Rifles. We also saw some performing dogs and an international clown "direct from Ireland," who had a strong Birmingham accent; a snake-charming act, a demonstration of yoga, what was described as a Cavalcade of Music, an Exotic Eastern Fire Dance, a fire-eating act, and Fury, a lioness said to have killed her last trainer. The four assistants

Continued on next page

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Free Speech

had to do some slick changing and the martial music on gramophone records was a bit scratchy, but at 1s. 3d. it was certainly very good value for money.

D. TAYLOR, KIRBY ROAD, BARWELL, LEICS.

Secret Code?

Why is it so difficult to obtain a copy of the Highway Code? I tried to buy one at the post office and at two local stationers' shops, but none of them could supply me.

Eventually I bought one from the office of a driving school. Surely copies of a publication as important as this should be on sale at post offices.

M. WOOD, PAMS WAY, EWELL, SURREY.

"The Highway Code is on sale at government bookshops in the principal cities," says the Stationery Office. "It is also sold by many booksellers, but some of them do not carry stocks of it because, at its price of a penny, they find they do not cover their costs."

Wart Charming

A short time ago my young daughter was troubled by a number of small warts on her arms and legs. After trying many remedies without result, I took her to see a doctor, and I was amazed by his prescription.

He told my daughter to take a raw potato and bury it in the garden, and explained: "As the potato withers your warts will disappear." She carried out these instructions and the warts vanished.

The doctor gave me no explanation of how this works. Is it just another old wives' tale like the egg white as a cure for burns ("Free Speech, April 12)?

MRS. K. MARKS, DEE STREET, BELFAST.

"This is called wart charming," says a doctor, "and is a form of faith-healing. The doctor says 'do this and all will be well.' Since you respect his authority and believe what you are told, the warts go. If the doctor said 'put your television set out in the rain, and as it rusts, the warts will go,' the result would be the same. The potato is simply the traditional object."

Jazz And Jive

Many thanks for the extract from Humphrey Lyttelton's book (JOHN BULL, April 12). As an old acquaintance of his, I am a great admirer of him, but not of his jazz dancers.

Lyttelton "welcomes them with open arms" to his club. Hardly surprising; but when he claims that they are responsible for the popularity of jazz today he is rather out of key. It was the collector, student and recitalist who first nagged the record companies into issuing jazz records, and it was they who travelled far and wide making jazz known. The dancers moved in on what was already a *fait accompli* only because jazz clubs offered a chance of unrestricted jiving which the dance halls were outlawing.

I've spoken to many jazz dancers and in almost every case they want to jive—and they don't care two hoots what they dance to, as long as they can jive. I've seen them dancing happily to jazz which was painful to listen to—but then, they weren't listening.

BERNIE MILTON, BRASSEY SQUARE, S.W.1.

Christmas Cuckoo

I was most interested in your article on Percy Edwards, the "bird man" (JOHN BULL, March 29). At Christmas, 1931, I was staying with in-laws at Ipswich. I took their dog for a walk and was very

surprised to hear a cuckoo call. Returning to the house I told the family about it and they laughed and said: "That'll be Percy Edwards up to his tricks again." At that time he lived nearby.

MRS. V. G. SQUIRRELL, IPSWICH ROAD, COLCHESTER, ESSEX.

Two In One

P. J. Clarke's letter "Open to All" about a church in Germany where both Protestants and Catholics worship reminds me that the parish church at Arundel, Sussex, has a Roman Catholic chapel for the use of the Duke of Norfolk.

A. C. REID, THE AVENUE, DURHAM.

First Things First

The factory in which I work at Lancaster overlooks an important railway line running from Lancaster and Morecambe to Leeds, Bradford and York, and I can see into the signal box which is manned twenty-four hours a day.

To light it there is one oil lamp hanging on the wall. The sheer inefficiency of the lighting must increase the possibility of error on the part of the signalman, and his error could be disastrous.

British Railways are boasting about the modernization of refreshment rooms and station concourses. I think they should modernize the important things first.

HUGH JONES, BELLE VUE TERRACE, GREAVES, LANCASTER.

"Many of the signal boxes on this line are oil lit," says a British Railways spokesman. "They are due to be electrified in due course, but we don't yet know when."

THIS WEEK'S COVER

SPRINGTIME heralds summer with many splendid signs, like tulips and cotton frocks —but is there a sight to match cricket's opening pair? Yet even on this joyful day there is some anxiety—everyone is another winter older and must consider weighty matters: How goes No. 1's late cut; can No. 2 still drive 'em over the bowler? Well, Critchlow is full of confidence for fifty-eight. For with such charming ladies round the boundary and the odd stiff muscle ironed out at mid-week office cricket, the stage is all set for a "ton" or two.

Based On Fact?

The woman who wanted eggs laid by black hens because they were bigger ("Free Speech," March 29) was probably quite sincere. After all, she didn't know that on this occasion she would be allowed to select the eggs she wanted.

It is a fact that of the more common breeds of hen the Black Minorca lays the largest egg, and the customer may have heard of this.

JONATHAN SMITH, GLASNEVIN, DUBLIN.

"Three breeds produce particularly large eggs," says an authority on eggs. "The Black Minorca is one, and the others are the Light Sussex and the Rhode Island Red."

Cooking Time

I am the owner of an infra-red cooker, and I am disappointed by it. As a bachelor fending for myself, I thought it would save time in the mornings, but I can cook my breakfast on the gas stove more quickly.

What your article on April 12 omitted to state was that it takes about fifteen minutes for the cooker to reach the right temperature.

R. D. SLATER, STANLEY ROAD, BEBINGTON, CHESHIRE.

JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post.

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ANGELS UNAWARES

by MARGUERITE MURRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

Thieves, vandals, trespassers—they were the parishioners of Dessington. No wonder the rector prayed for miracles

"Leonard!" Fiona's voice came sharply. "I've just met Ted Carp and he says the river has burst its banks and it's going to flood the valley"

"MY LORD," wrote Leonard Marshall to his bishop. "After much serious thought, I have decided regretfully that I am not the right man to deal with the new conditions in this parish."

He put down his pen and stared out of the study window. It was nearly noon on a spring day, but the light outside was as grey and harsh as a January dusk. The snow-weighted branches of the lilac bush that drooped against the window panes showed a faint gleam as drops of water gathered slowly on their undersides and fell.

It was thawing again, but Leonard was unimpressed. It had thawed, on and off, all through this so-called spring. But the frost had always come back by nightfall, and next day a fresh cloak of pitiless white covered the countryside.

He returned to his letter. The opening words stared baldly up at him in his sturdy, unpretentious handwriting. His handwriting was like himself: that, doubtless, was the root of the trouble. If he had been more inspiring—a brilliant scholar, a magnificent preacher, the kind of vivid, striking personality that got on television programmes and into the newspapers—then he might not have failed in the task which God had given him.

He had realized, right from the beginning, that it wasn't going to be easy. Long before the first brick of the first house in the new estate had been laid—ever since the district council's plans had been made known, in fact — Dessington had grumbled.

"Why pick on us?" people said. "The whole valley will be utterly ruined. . . ."

"A lot of rackety factory hands crowding up the buses when we want to come home after a day's shopping."

"Why can't they build flats for them in the towns?"

"It's an outrage."

They'll get used to the idea, Leonard had told himself. To him, the prospect of fresh life flowing into his tiny country parish from the neighbourhood's rapidly expanding industrial towns was

'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers,' Leonard preached. And his

tremendousiy exhilarating: he had watched, fascinated, as the houses went up in orderly rows on the wide stretch of land beyond the river.

He had made plans: long-term plans—you couldn't rush country people into accepting changes. But there could be no harm in considering where to hold expanded Mothers' Union meetings, or whether a new entrance might be cut into the churchyard to save the people from the new estate the long walk round to the main gate.

He had actually got as far as bringing these ideas before the parochial church council. The response to his suggestion shocked him.

"Waste of money—building a new entrance," said Giles Mackintosh, retired accountant and treasurer of the P.C.C.

"How do we know they'll come to church anyway, h'm?" said Major Reed, rector's warden.

"Surely it would be just as easy for them to go over the bridge into the town."

That was Miss Willmott, the postmistress, a tight-lipped little woman. Leonard had looked at her steadily. "It's five miles into town," he said. "They'd have to go by bus—and the buses don't coincide with the times of services. Besides, they're part of *this* parish."

"More's the pity," snapped Miss Willmott.

Leonard forced down his rising anger. It was obvious that before the new tenants moved in he would have to do something towards conditioning the minds of his rural flock into an acceptance of their neighbours. Accordingly he stumped up the pulpit steps on the following Sunday morning with a carefully prepared sermon in his hand.

"The second verse of the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews: 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. . . .'"

He hadn't wrapped up the sermon in diplomatic vagueness or imagery; he had gone straight to the point. "We have a great opportunity opening before us. More than five hundred people will soon be moving into the new housing estate on the Meads. They ought to be made to feel, right from the start, that they are welcome. . . ."

MISS WILMOTT was waiting for him after the service, eyes snapping and lips even tighter than usual under her Sunday hat.

"Was that a hit at me, Rector?" she said. "If so, I think it was most unjust. I'm not the only person in Dessington who doesn't want these people. *Nobody* wants them."

Several other people muttered grumpily that they did not expect to find many angels among the inhabitants of New Dessington. Leonard felt his sermon had probably done more harm than good. It was then that he began to doubt his ability to cope with the situation.

His wife, Fiona, had told him he was being silly. "And faithless," she added. "You talk as if you had to do it all on your own, Leonard. You know that's wrong. Besides, the children will make friends. Children have a wonderful way of ironing out grown-up nonsense."

But for once Fiona's simple faith and sound Scottish common sense were proved wrong. The children certainly played a part in what Leonard now thought of as the Dessington tragedy. But they did not heal the breach; they widened it.

Early on the district council decided—quite rightly—that the school in Old Dessington was far too small to cope with the coming influx of children from the new housing estate. So they closed the old school and built a new, much grander one . . . on the estate.

The fury of Old Dessington knew no bounds. Village children were forbidden by their parents to have anything to do with estate children. *"My mother says I'm not to speak to you. . . ."* Little girls tossed their heads and turned their backs on tearful classmates. The boys, left to themselves, would probably have rubbed along together happily enough: but if Mum and Dad actually egged you on to fight, why throw away a gift from the gods?

Leonard visited his new parishioners zealously, but as often as not he found doors slammed in his face.

"You can't blame them," he said sadly to Fiona. "I come from the old village and I'm tarred with the same brush. . . ."

The snow, which started after Christmas, made matters worse: no buses ran, and the old school had to be temporarily reopened, under a retired teacher, for the village children whose parents refused to let them make the trek down ice-bound lanes to the new one. The two Dessingtons were completely cut off from one another.

"It seems as if it was meant," said the villagers.

Their satisfaction slipped a trifle when the reprisals began. Leonard had expected them for some time. The first incident involved the stealing of eggs from one of the farms. The thieves came and went like ghosts and never struck in the same place twice.

Nor did they confine themselves to eggs. They stole cabbages out of Miss Willmott's postage-stamp of a garden and brussels sprouts from Major Reed's wider acres: then—a piece of wanton destruction far more sinister than mere stealing—a window was mysteriously opened one night in Giles Mackintosh's orchid-house and he awoke next morning to find all his prize specimens dead.

The climax, for Leonard, had come two mornings ago. On his way to the vestry for some papers he stumbled on a scene of ruin. On the stone flags by the west door was a litter of red book-binding cloth and torn paper—all that was left of the church prayer books, which were kept on a shelf near the door.

With his heart in his mouth, Leonard hurried up the aisle to the sanctuary. It was untouched—but for how long? As he stood there, a whole series of nightmare possibilities flashed through his mind: the medieval mural only recently discovered behind the pulpit; the twelfth-century font; the beautiful oriel window—unique of its type—over the west door. . . .

I must get out, Leonard thought with a sudden burst of bitter insight. *I must hand over to someone bigger and stronger and wiser than I am, before it's too late. . . .*

* * *

"I think these daffs would look nice behind the altar, don't you, dear?" Fiona said.

She and Leonard were alone in the church. Usually quite a crowd—headed by Miss Willmott, who loved to take the lead—came along on Saturday afternoons to help dust pews, polish brass and arrange flowers. But lately, what with the shortage of flowers and a general feeling of umbrage against the rector for daring to take New Dessington's part in the Great Dispute, not a soul had turned up. Fiona, quiet and efficient as usual, was filling in the breach.

". . . and tulips for the shelf behind the lectern," she went on. "I'll pop home for them. You stay here. Someone might come."

It wasn't very likely. Leonard arranged the pots of daffodils carefully on the stone window-ledge behind the altar, and thought, *My last spring in Dessington*. He wondered if anyone in the village would be sorry when they knew. He did not intend to make his decision known till he got the bishop's reply to the letter which still lay, unfinished, on his desk. As long as it caught the only post out tomorrow, it would reach His Lordship by Monday.

He was just reflecting how absurdly dark it was for six o'clock on a spring evening when he heard the sound of quick footsteps crossing the porch. *A helper at last?*—but it was only Fiona, without her tulips and evidently in a great hurry.

"Leonard!" Her voice was sharp. She was quite shaken out of her usual calm. "I've just seen Ted Carp in the lane and he says the river has burst its banks and is flooding the valley. Those people. . . ."

"Is Ted still out there?" Leonard put down a pot of narcissi and started down the aisle, Fiona following.

"He was away towards the village when I saw him. He says the water board think the river may go on rising for hours—there's still a pile of snow to come down off the hills, and with the ground frozen it can't sink in. And the county police can't get any boats across from the other side because the current's too strong. . . ."

BUT Leonard didn't wait to hear more. He hurried away, and found Carp, the village constable, down at the Wheatsheaf with a pint in his hand, telling his story.

There was a sudden hush as the occupants of the public bar caught sight of the rector.

"Ted, what's all this about a flood?" said Leonard urgently.

Ted started again. The River Dess, he said, was now a swollen torrent, and rising steadily.

"Has it reached the new houses yet?"

"Why, yes, sir." Ted's voice was aggrieved. That tit-bit, the climax of a long-drawn-out, juicy tale, should have been saved till later. "I reckon it's six inches up on the bottom storeys and still risin'. I rung the water board and they said——"

"Never mind about that. Who'll come with me to get those people out?"

There was a frozen silence. A few of the men looked quickly up at Leonard and away again.

At last Ted said awkwardly: "They'll be all right, sir. They houses has two storeys. . . ."

"Suppose the flood gets into the upper storey?"

"There ain't no likelihood o' that," old Harry Simmons wheezed out complacently from his corner. "That little old Dess'll never rise that far. I don't never remember——"

"Of course you don't." Only the rector would have dared to interrupt old Harry in full spate. "Nobody does. We've never had a spring like this before. Do you think the council would have put those houses on the Meads if they'd expected something like this?" He glared round. "What's the point of all this arguing? When people's lives may be in danger——"

"They ain't in no danger yet." Sourly, another man took up the tale. "Ted here says the water ain't no more'n six inches deep. What's to stop 'em gettin' theirselves out?"

"There are small children there," said Leonard. "Babes-in-arms. Old people living with their married children. They won't be able to get out without help."

"Let 'em help each other, then!" A burly farm labourer spat the words out furiously. "Parcel of dirty thieves an' scoundrels! Folks like that ain't our responsibility."

"Who said so?" Leonard turned on the men fiercely. "Who made you the judge of where responsibility begins and ends? Are you going to bother with rotten, petty local feeling at a time like this? Or are you afraid for your own skins. Is that the truth of it?"

In the end, shame drove about thirty men down from the village.

They took sheep-hurdles and old gates and anything else that might come in handy for carrying people through a flood. The valley was almost dark when they reached it, but there was enough light left in the sky to show the grey tumult of water swirling past the houses. Every house was in darkness. The electricity had long since failed.

"Come on," said Leonard.

Stepping into the water was like stepping into an icy bath. It came over the tops of rubber boots and bit through heavy raincoats: though

barely a foot in depth as yet, already the current was so strong that it was difficult to keep upright.

Leonard struggled through the swirl to the first house. Someone was looking out of an upper window: a woman with a small child in her arms.

"Come on down," he shouted. "We've come to take you to shelter."

The woman peered down at him through the gloom. "Who is it?" she asked.

"It's the rector. From Old Dessington."

"Old Dessington?" Her voice was sharp. Then someone called to her from the room beyond and her head vanished. Leonard waited.

The head appeared again. "My hubby says you can go back where you come from."

"Don't be silly." Leonard steadied himself against the wall. "We can get you safely across now, but we don't know how much more the water will rise. There's a lot more snow to come down from the hills."

"Let it come," said the woman. "It can't be worse than that lot up in your village."

He thought she had gone, but then he saw her dimly outlined against the dark square of the window, watching him. "What about your baby?" he called. "Do you want it to catch pneumonia and——"

"My baby'll be all right," she said.

God help me, prayed Leonard. "I'm coming up," he shouted.

He found a window that would open, and climbed in. A chair floated against his side as he splashed across the room. The water was halfway up the stairs. On the landing a man and a woman stood glowering at him.

"We don't want you people from the village pokin' yer noses in here. We've——"

"Do you want to get drowned?" asked Leonard. "It's rising fast. If you don't come now, we can't help you. We can't even get food to you. Do you want your family to go hungry?"

"We'll manage."

"How? It may be days before the flood goes down, and then the roads may be cut. Supposing the bridge breaks? It might, you know. It's never had a strain like this before."

"Tryin' to scare me, aren't yer?" snapped the man.

"I'm trying to knock some sense into you," retorted Leonard. "You're in real danger, man. Think of your wife and baby." He moved closer. "Listen. There are thirty of us down there, trying to help you. Doesn't that prove we're sorry?"

"Maybe." The man's eyes flickered.

He's wavering, thought Leonard. *Dear God, make him see reason.*

After a minute, the man asked brusquely: "Where'll we go if we come?"

"To my house. The Rectory."

"A'right. But you better treat us decent. . . ."

A man and a woman came on to the landing. "Tryin' to scare me, aren't yer?" the man snapped at the rector

EVEN in the enormous, rambling rectory, there wasn't room for them all. Leonard, topping the hill with the last contingent, was met by Ted Carp. "Mrs. Marshall, she says there's not a corner left for so much as a sparrow. What're we goin' to do with these, sir?"

"I don't know," said Leonard.

He stood still, feeling like Moses in the wilderness, surrounded by despairing Israelites who wished they had never left Egypt. Babies seemed to be howling everywhere.

"There's the old school-house, sir," said Ted.

"That's an idea. . . ." It was difficult to concentrate; he was wet and tired. But so, too, were the inhabitants of New Dessington. "It's been used, too, lately. . . . Who's got the key?"

"Miss Willmott, sir."

Miss Willmott, thought Leonard. *New Dessington's bitterest enemy.* He started up the village street with his tribe, fatigue weighing him down. The prospect of settling all these people into the empty school-house, of lighting fires and somehow getting hold of soup and blankets was almost unendurable. *See me through, Lord,* he prayed.

Miss Willmott's private door was at the side of the neat little post office building. Most of Leonard's cavalcade stayed in the middle of the road while he went to it, as if aware that this was an enemy encampment.

"Good evening, Miss Willmott," said Leonard as the door opened. "May I have the key of the school-house, please?"

Miss Willmott looked at him. Her eye travelled smartly up and down his flood-battered person.

"And what are you wanting the key of the school-house for, Rector?"

"I want somewhere to shelter these people from New Dessington," Leonard said sharply.

"It's cold and empty and hasn't been cleaned since term ended." Miss Willmott glared at him. "They'd be far better off at the Wheatsheaf."

"The Wheatsheaf?" Leonard stared. He wondered if fatigue were making him light-headed.

Miss Willmott lifted a thick woollen scarf off a hook by the door and stepped out into the slush. "Certainly. They have the public bar and the private bar and the jug and bottle department, not to speak of several private rooms and the guest-rooms upstairs. Come along."

She marched off down the village street, not bothering to look back to see if anyone were following her. Leonard steadied himself against the wall of the house, and lurched back to his tribe.

Wearily they trod in the wake of her squat, determined figure. She did not look in the least like an instrument of Divine Providence, but he undoubtedly was.

I suppose it's her innate love of bossing, thought Leonard.

It was matins next day, and "The Church's One Foundation" soared to the ancient roof from more throats than had sung in Old Dessington church for many years. On the left-hand side of the central aisle sat Miss Willmott, in her Sunday hat, surrounded by refugees from the Wheatsheaf, in an assortment of borrowed clothes, but singing away lustily. Nobody who was fit to come to church had been allowed to stay away.

She would have made a good warrant-officer, reflected Leonard, and then reminded himself that the Almighty had chosen her, for her very bossiness, as the link between Old and New Dessington. As with the feeding of the five thousand, He used whatever came to His hand.

Leonard decided to tear up his letter to the bishop. It would be a sin to leave a place where miracles happened. THE END

© *Marguerite Murray, 1958*

WHY THEY CAN'T STAND REX HARRISON

PERSONAL PORTRAIT
REX HARRISON

New York stagehands boycotted his party. An actress friend says he's possessive and jealous, and one newspaper was surprised that he didn't get his face bashed in

In the part of Professor Higgins in *My Fair Lady*, Harrison dances with his co-star, Julie Andrews

At a party for the New York opening of *My Fair Lady* Rex Harrison, who plays Professor Higgins, was surprised to receive a stuffed penguin from the rest of the cast. Guests who knew Harrison's temperament might have been forgiven for thinking that the gift was made in sardonic appreciation of the icy charm and aloofness which Harrison habitually shows towards his co-workers.

In fact the reference was to another of his qualities—the thoroughness with which he had tackled the part. Throughout the rehearsals Harrison had carried in his pocket a Penguin edition of Shaw's *Pygmalion*. Whenever he felt that the *My Fair Lady* script strayed unnecessarily from Shaw's lines, Harrison would refer to his *Pygmalion* and argue the point with producer Moss Hart.

"Harrison is the least frivolous actor I have ever worked with," says Hart, who has also been directing rehearsals of the Drury Lane production. "What he gets, he gets from digging, digging, digging. Once I discovered this, I could forgive him a good deal. There were tremendous rages and stalkings off during rehearsals."

"I was a damned nuisance," Harrison agrees. "I clung to Shaw like mad."

Harrison is a prickly character. His long career as a star in films and on the stage has been strewn with arguments, walk-outs, and atmospheres. He has been peppered with accusations of snootiness, disloyalty, offensiveness and breaches of good taste. Even his solicitor describes him as a "funny tempered man."

He himself has said, referring to his part as the charming yet beastly Higgins: "I always find it less difficult than some actors to be irascible without being unpleasant." This may be the case within the performance, but at rehearsals and on film sets producers and stagehands alike find that Harrison can move with uncomfortable rapidity from the urbane to the explosive.

Sidney Gilliat, who directed Harrison in the film *The Rake's Progress*, says: "We had terrible rows on the set, sometimes not far from Billingsgate level. Usually the rows had nothing to do with the part, but were over someone or something that Harrison did not like."

He recalls one occasion when they were on location. After they had been waiting all morning for the sun to come out, Harrison, who had not eaten, suggested they should break for lunch.

"Give us ten minutes. The sun's coming out very shortly," said Gilliat.

"I'm not killing myself for you or anyone else," snapped Harrison.

"I argued the point," says Gilliat, "but it ended with Harrison going for his lunch, and we lost the opportunity for the shot."

Harrison rarely makes any attempt to hide his indifference to the feelings and opinions of others. Henry Sherek, the London impresario, who presented Harrison in T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail*

Continued on page 29

Trapped in the jungle —by a Mau Mau gang

The bone, Wambararia told Kimathi, was all they had eaten. But his pleas made no impression

by IAN HENDERSON

Three relentless enemies faced our forest teams—the fanatics of Kimathi, torrential rains, and animals half-crazed with fear . . .

THE terrorists did not even lower their arms from above their heads. They had been caught while they prayed to Ngai, the traditional god of the Kikuyu tribe.

For a dramatic moment, in the hide-out ringed by boulders on the edge of Kenya's River Ngobit, there was silence. On one of the boulders, automatic in hand and staring down at the twenty-five Africans in the hide-out, stood Gati, a captured terrorist whom I, as a member of the Special Branch of Kenya Police, had helped to persuade to fight Mau Mau. He had only three companions, also former terrorists, and one of them had only just fallen into our hands.

Our final aim, in that April of 1956, was to capture Dedan Kimathi, the most ruthless of the Mau Mau leaders left in the Aberdares, who moved with a bodyguard of fifty fanatical Mau Mau. Because he was so elusive, though, we felt that one of the few men who could take us to him was Kahiu Itina, his close friend and fellow gang leader.

Kahiu now stood in the hide-out.

Gati and his companions were tensed for a fight, and for possible death; they were greatly outnumbered. What happened next took them by surprise.

As the gang still stood there with arms raised, Kahiu came forward. His eyes were bloodshot from strain and, unlike all the others, who had masses of bristly, woolly hair, he was almost bald. He wore an ingeniously made leopard-skin coat and trousers, a vest tailored from a piece of old canvas tarpaulin, a decorative colobus monkey-skin hat, a Boy Scout belt and a pair of coarse, brown gaiters made from the thick hide of a buffalo. He was clearly one whose authority had gone to his head and, as his record showed, he was a most dangerous fanatic.

With him was Kingori, the most powerful of all the Mau Mau witch-doctors in the Aberdares, who had been leading the prayers and who, in contrast to Kahiu, looked gentle. It was difficult to picture him as a protagonist of extreme violence, as one who had blessed the commission of appalling acts of savagery.

Kahiu and Kingori looked up at Gati.

"I have had a dream," said Kingori. "I dreamed that today Ngai would send someone here who was not an enemy and he would take us to a place of peace. I have told all these children of mine about this message from Ngai, and they are at peace. I know you are the one Ngai has sent."

"We, too, have come for peace," replied Gati, who was still flabbergasted by his reception. "Choose three people to tie the hands. Everyone else must sit down."

There was a pause. The gang did not move. They would not take orders from anyone but Kingori. They would sooner be shot down than sit on the ground without Kingori's instructions. Then Kingori turned and faced his followers and passed on the orders and, without murmuring, they complied.

When all but Kahiu Itina and Kingori had been tied, Kingori looked up at Gati again and asked: "There are three others in this forest

Our fight with Jeriko shocked Kimathi. For two days he was on the

whom we cannot leave. Spare me to send for them?"

Gati agreed. And as the party set off down the river to rejoin the rest of our team, a small group of Kahiu's men was sent off to find the missing members of the gang, who were trapping away to the east. Its mission also proved successful, and by late afternoon it returned with the trappers. Thus the total number of terrorists accounted for in this single, uncanny operation was brought to twenty-eight.

Throughout the history of the emergency there had never been an incident quite like this one. Kingori's dream was clearly the only reason for the docile and passive attitude of the gang. In the days which followed we questioned and re-questioned the gang as we just could not believe the story. But we found that Kingori had, in fact, done exactly what he told Gati.

The day before the attack on the hide-out he had called them all together and told them how Ngai had spoken to him in a dream. He had told them how "Ngai would send messengers of peace," and that when these messengers came everyone was to remain quiet, "otherwise Ngai would shake with anger if anyone fled." Every few hours Kingori and Kahiu Itina had made the others stand and face Mount Kenya and pray so that "Ngai would see they were prepared."

Kingori may well have invented the tale of his talk with Ngai, but there was no doubt about what he had told his men. Had it not been for the dream and Kingori's undisputed power over his superstitious followers, Gati would certainly have had a very different reception.

Neither Kahiu nor Kingori, however, would give us information about Kimathi; as soon as his name was mentioned they refused to speak. But from Kahiu's men we learned that Kimathi had become so acutely conscious of the dangers of pseudo gangs that he had embarked on a ruthless campaign to kill any terrorist he encountered who did not belong to his own gang. For this, we were told, Kingori and Kahiu now hated him and would never allow his name to be mentioned.

A large region of the Aberdare forest had thus become known to everyone in the forest as Kimathi's area and was not entered under any circumstances. Nobody, we were assured, but his own men knew exactly where he was hiding.

The area in which he had isolated himself had been soundly chosen. It was the part of the Aberdares known as the Tree Tops Salient or Ruthaithi, and the vast forest area to the north-west known as the Mwathe. This part of the mountain, over two hundred square miles in size, was the most difficult and dangerous of all areas on the Aberdares in which to operate. The ridges were steep and the bushes particularly thick and it contained nearly seven times as many wild animals to the square mile as did any other part of the Aberdare or Mount Kenya forests.

Now that we knew why Kingori and Kahiu Itina hated Kimathi, Gati, Gethieya—my loyal Kikuyu police inspector—and I decided to visit them in the prison to see whether their new surroundings had loosened their tongues. First we went to see Kahiu Itina. We were there but a few minutes. Imprisonment, to put it mildly, had not improved his temper or his temperament. Next we went to see Kingori. As we entered his cell we found him facing Mount Kenya, praying to his god, Ngai. He stopped abruptly when the door was unlocked.

"This is better than the forest, is it not, Kingori?" I asked him.

"*Muno, muno* — much, much better," he answered. "Ngai has already spoken to me here and I am happy."

"What did he say, Kingori?" I inquired.

He shook his head, then closed his eyes for a few seconds before looking at me again. "He told me all the children in the forest will leave soon, all but Kimathi. He will be finished. He will be arrested in the tenth month before the rains for the millet planting begin."

The tenth month, I thought—that is October. It was still April.

Another six months! "There is nothing which will keep Kimathi in that forest for another six months, Kingori," I assured him. We talked for some minutes more, then I left.

We now trained our sights on to the Tree Tops Salient and the Mwathe.

For the first time we experienced in full measure the ordeal of operating in this particular region during the long rains, which broke in full fury at exactly this moment. The rains, which come with tremendous force at the end of March or the beginning of April, usually go on without any real pause for the first week, then taper off into spasmodic afternoon thunderstorms.

Within minutes of the first deafening clap of thunder the rough forest tracks become quagmires and everything, everywhere, is drenched. The animals, terrified by the thunder, charge to and fro in a constant and hostile challenge to any intruder in their kingdom.

The Mau Mau used to say that the animals associated thunder with bombing and that during thunderstorms they became mad with fear. Certainly I had never before seen game react during thunderstorms as they did on the Aberdares after the bombing. Elephant, rhino and buffalo would crash wildly through the bush as if trying to escape from their shadows; warthog and bushbuck would race aimlessly backwards and forwards, and even the monkeys would leap down from their branches and huddle together in terrified little groups at the foot of the trees.

The rains had a most depressing effect on those of us who were not really used to living in the jungle. Yet when the rain stops your spirits soon rise and life in the forest seems better than ever.

For those who have lived through the seasonal changes and who know the factors which govern the Mau Mau moods and moves, rain simplifies the hunt. It did for our collaborators. They were able to write off all parts of the forest where *magomboki* shrubs grew in quantity (it was bad for trapping, growing so thickly that buck would not pass through it), or where there were fast-running rivers (to drown the sound of an approaching enemy), or where there were elephant walks. They knew the Mau Mau would be near springs where the water was silent and clean, where bushbuck and duiker could be trapped easily, and where bamboo firewood, which gives off the minimum of smoke, could be found.

With all this and more knowledge in their heads, our collaborators were able to narrow down the Kimathi area very considerably until we had a target area of about fifty square miles. Unfortunately this new smaller area consisted of no less than eight small portions of forest.

The more we studied the matter the more we realized that it was impossible to search for Kimathi in them all simultaneously. We therefore planned a deception operation, to chase him out of any of the three areas in the Mwathe into any of the five areas in the Tree Tops, where hunting conditions were slightly better. We would try to frighten him by firing machine-guns.

As the timing of the firing was carefully synchronized, I had made a point of stressing to our men that there was to be no shooting in any circumstances until zero hour. After being put to flight several times in the first mile by charging rhino I deeply regretted having said this. Our 9-mm. Patchett automatics would have been little better than pea-shooters against rhino, but their loud clatter might have frightened the beasts away.

Despite our trials, however, the operation went off according to plan, and at exactly midday the first loud burst of firing rang through the forest. Then at five-minute intervals for the next half hour firing continued at different points throughout the area. If any Mau Mau were in the region they would not be there long.

With this operation completed the stage was now set for our first offensive against Dedan Kimathi and his fifty dangerous adherents.

We were ready—and anxious.

On April 18, 1956, the finishing touches were put to the planning and preparations of our first direct operation against Dedan Kimathi and his gang. Twenty-two of our terrorists had been specially selected for the operation. They were those who knew every member of Kimathi's gang and those who were completely trustworthy, battle-hardened and brave.

These men were to operate in two teams, each eleven strong. Four men in each were armed with automatic weapons, while the balance carried pistols and *simis*, and one or two home-made guns, for effect.

Long after dark that night the teams made their way silently into the jungle. When they had gone, Mac—my colleague in Special Branch, Inspector Richard MacLachlan—Gethieya and I drove on in the darkness without using our

Left: Mau Mau keep in touch with each other by means of scribbled notes thrust into natural letter boxes—usually holes in trees or cracks in rocks. Above: Inspector Richard MacLachlan, who was Henderson's Special Branch colleague in the jungle hunt for Kimathi. Pseudo terrorists gave him the nickname Sharabu, or "Moustache"

run—and even his own men couldn't find him

lights until we reached the point where the track entered the forest, and there we left our vehicles. That same night the three of us tramped many miles through the forest until we reached the place where we were to rendezvous later with our teams.

On the afternoon of the second day, Gati and his team set course for an area which was known to the Mau Mau as Kahare-ini because of the unusually large number of tree squirrels which live there. To reach it they had to cross three rivers. While the team was crossing the third of these rivers, the Itha, round about midday on April 21, the first evidence of Kimathi's presence was found.

On the southern bank they saw the tracks of a sizeable gang. The tracks were very fresh, certainly not more than three hours old.

For some distance from the river the tracks were easy to follow. But after about a mile they branched off the buffalo path which they were following. Now the trail was well hidden, and it was only after Gati and his men had studied the tracks for many minutes that they discovered that the gang had split into two groups. Gati decided to divide up his team and follow both.

This proved to be unwise, for after following one set of the tracks some short distance the smaller of our two units, the one that Gati was not with, suddenly found that it had stumbled on to a hide-out and was being watched by some of Kimathi's well-armed gangsters. As our men walked on, blissfully unaware of their danger, Kimathi's men aimed their guns.

Finally one of the gangsters shouted: "Stand where you are and send one man up."

It was Jeriko, one of Kimathi's lieutenants. Everyone in our little team froze with fright. They saw that they were covered by the rifles of the gang; they knew they were far outnumbered and they knew that it would be suicide to run.

After some prompting and nudging the leading collaborator, whose name was Kingarua, went forward unwillingly. He walked forward slowly and stopped beside a smouldering fire in the centre of the hide-out. "*Tutiri na uuru*—we have nothing bad," he said repeatedly as he stood there, but there was no response.

"*Aca*," said Kingarua. "We are only looking for others."

Kingarua felt like running, but he knew he would be the first to be killed if he did so. Behind him our men were breathing easier, for they reckoned that if Jeriko had not believed Kingarua he would have opened fire long ago.

For five minutes nothing happened. There was not a sound from the forest. Kingarua once thought he heard someone whispering, but he was not sure. Then there was a loud rustling in the bushes about twenty yards ahead of Kingarua, and Jeriko stepped out carrying a .303 rifle. Three other terrorists, all armed, were close behind him. They bore down on poor Kingarua, who was sure that his last day had come.

Jeriko came right up to Kingarua before stopping within a yard of him and dropping the butt of his rifle on the ground. "Who are you looking for?" he asked.

Kingarua thought fast. He had to invent a story. He began telling Jeriko how he had left the Moorlands four days before and gone down to the Kikuyu reserve to find food; how they had asked some old women working on their plots along the forest edge to fetch them some potatoes, and how these women had run away screaming. On and on Kingarua talked. He was still talking when Jeriko interrupted.

"Ssst!" he silenced Kingarua. He had heard the drone of a Piper Pacer aircraft. It seemed to be coming overhead. The aircraft was not connected with our operation, but Kimathi's suspicious men instantly thought in terms of air support for ground forces. Something, they thought, was up. Their reaction was swift. Kingarua was grabbed, hit on the head and thrown to the ground. Firing came from the forest round about. Some of Jeriko's men jumped from their hiding places and charged up the hill towards the rest of our men. One of them fired at Kingarua lying on the ground.

Our men threw themselves down in the grass, pulled out their guns and fired burst after burst in rapid succession at the men around Kingarua.

Everything was over in a few seconds. The gang vanished into the jungle, but behind them they left one of Kimathi's so-called brigadiers named Thurura, who lay groaning beside the fire with a bullet wound in his back. Our men could see that Thurura was too badly injured to move, so they rushed into the forest after the gang.

There was a running fight. For nearly three-quarters of an hour—and over four miles—the plucky little group was on the heels of its enemy. Eventually, fearing that they would run out of ammunition, our men broke off and ran back to the hide-out to collect Thurura.

Gati was waiting for them when they got back. He and his section had arrived a few minutes before, but they had been too late for the battle. All they had seen were the empty cartridge cases lying about and a trail of blood leading from the fire to a thick patch of thornbush. Gati had followed the trail and as he parted the thorny branches with the muzzle of his gun, he had seen Thurura stuffing a wad of documents into his mouth. Gati had jumped in, prised Thurura's mouth open with a sheath knife, and pulled out the half-chewed documents.

By the time Thurura reached us at our rendezvous the next day he was in very poor shape. He was semi-delirious. From the colour of the blood he was coughing up, it was clear that the bullet had passed through his lungs.

Mac immediately got down to first aid and dressed the wound most expertly. Thurura was tough. With some brandy down his throat, some food in his stomach, and his wound cleaned and dressed, he revived amazingly quickly.

WE were not too disappointed with the result of this first operation. The documents pulled out of Thurura's mouth showed that Kimathi was loath to leave the Tree Tops Salient and the Mwathe. In fact, one document—a letter he had scribbled to Jeriko a few days before—ordered Jeriko not to leave these areas "even if the enemy came like a swarm of locusts."

This was our first engagement with the gang, or more accurately with part of it, and the question of whether or not Gati had been right to split up his team was debated at great length by our terrorists. The majority held the view that in future it would be preferable to risk losing contact and keep our teams intact, rather than divide up into vulnerable groups. I agreed.

Naturally the Piper Pacer came in for severe criticism. "It is very bad," said Waira, "for anyone to come and flap his wings and dangle his legs near Kimathi, because he might become so annoyed he will finish us all."

I arranged with the appropriate authorities that "nobody would flap his wings and dangle his legs" over any area in which we were operating.

The news of the battle with Jeriko came as a great shock to Kimathi. He was sitting alone reading his Kikuyu version of the Old Testament when the first man to get back from the fight came running up and gave the alarm.

Kimathi jumped up and, without waiting to hear more of the details, disappeared into the forest as fast as his legs could carry him. By the time Jeriko and the rest of his followers arrived, Kimathi was a long way away.

For two whole days his men looked for him, but there was no sign of him anywhere. On the night of the second day, as some of his searchers were quietly warming themselves round a fire in a particularly thick patch of forest near the Muringato river, his high-pitched voice cut through the darkness. "Name all those with you."

His brother, Wambararia, stood up and gave his own name, then the names of the five others.

"There is Abdalla, whom you know because of his thin legs; Ngunyi, the one with a broken sheath for his knife; Gitahi, the child who is fierce; Mbaka, who was sick when you left. Only Karau remains. He brought the honey from the Zaina. We have been looking for you."

When Kimathi heard this he was satisfied, for he knew the details to be correct and he recognized the voice of his brother. Coming straight over to the fire, he licked his finger and touched each of his men on the forehead.

"I know that if any of you have been bought by the government while I have been away this saliva will boil on your heads and burn you to the brain," he said.

"There is nothing like that, *Muthee*" (*muthee* meaning "elder") Wambararia assured him respectfully.

Kimathi walked round the fireplace to get on the windward side where the smoke would not bother him, then sat down and gazed at the burning logs and sticks.

"We have looked far for you," said Wambararia. "We were wondering whether we would ever see you again."

"You look far, Wambararia, only when you have no food left," replied Kimathi.

The tone of his voice was soft, so Wambararia knew his brother was not really angry, and he tried to argue the point.

"We also have been without food since yesterday, but we have still been searching for you."

"Speak the truth," Kimathi retorted. His voice this time was louder.

"That is the truth, *Muthee*," pleaded Wambararia. "We went all the way to Karia-ini, then down through——"

"Shut up, you bastard," interrupted Kimathi

The buffalo bull was maddened by pain. Sweeping down upon the team it turned on one of them and within seconds had shaken the life from his body

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN BERRY

Which comes first the Guinness or the Steak ?

A YOUNG DINER'S GUIDE TO GOOD DRINK

WHEN YOU smell that steak sizzling under the grill ask yourself, what drink will do full justice to it ? The answer, of course, is Guinness. Guinness to start with, as a wonderful appetiser, and Guinness again all through the meal.

For nearly two centuries, Guinness has been the great drink for all who love good food. Those hearty diners of Dickensian times quaffed their flagons of Guinness (it was sold in stone bottles in those days) and swore it did them good. A belief that has since been amply confirmed.

What is it makes Guinness so good with food? Undoubtedly the appetising taste. Roasting some of the barley used in the brewing not only gives Guinness its rich, dark-ruby hue but also adds that tempting *roasted* flavour.

G.E. 3028

in English. With that he leaned forward and picked up one of the burning sticks of bamboo from the fire. Holding it in both hands he probed in the ashes and scraped out a bit of scorched bone which he must have seen when he sat down, a bit of bone which his men had thrown into the fire after they had chewed the meat off it.

"What is this?" he asked.

When it was obvious that Kimathi had found him out, Wambararia turned cold with fright and begged his brother to forgive him. The bone, he said, was the only food they had eaten. But his pleas made no impression on Kimathi, who, without saying another word, stretched across and thrust the red hot end of the stick into his face. Wambararia's cheek and lips were burned, and hot embers fell into his skin jacket.

"*Niahera, niahera,*" chimed the others, meaning that he had been sufficiently punished.

The next morning after the dew had dried on the grass, he was led by Wambararia to the rest of his gang. It was not until the evening of April 23, the day we abandoned our fruitless search for him in the Mwathe region to the west, that he summoned Jeriko to give him a full account of the Itha river battle.

The names of those of our men who had been identified were recorded in his little red diary, and he ordered his henchmen to kill them whenever they were seen again.

He decided to move quickly to a new area.

It was May 5 before we were ready to launch our next operation against Kimathi. Once again we used two teams of eleven men, but on this occasion we armed them to the teeth.

We went back to Jeriko's hide-out in the hope that some of the gang might have returned to look for the documents Thurura had tried to swallow, but the absence of tracks showed that nobody had been there. About a mile north-west of this hide-out, however, we found a broken and blood-stained stretcher. It was made of two long poles interlaced with bamboo and tied with bark.

It was obvious that the terrorist must have been very badly wounded to need a stretcher, and when it had broken there was every likelihood that he had been left near water, as Kimathi's gangsters had more than once before put badly wounded terrorists beside water to die or recover. But despite all efforts the search was unproductive.

Only three days before the operation was due to end the pendulum of fortune swung in our favour. Several miles inside the forest one of the teams discovered a recently set game snare, and four men were left to ambush it, while the balance moved over the crest of a little hill to lie in wait. That evening, as the ambushers lay silently beside the trap, they heard the bushes rustling. Out stepped two of Kimathi's men, who crouched down to peer under the foliage at their trap which was no more than thirty feet away.

"It has not sprung," one whispered. They went to reset it, so that it would give at the faintest touch, and at that moment our men jumped up, their guns ready. The trappers realized they could not escape. They were handcuffed together. Their trapping exploit was over.

These were the exact circumstances for which we had prayed. This was the type of quiet operation, the "snatch," which would bring Kimathi's men secretly into our hands.

We learned all about Kimathi's recent behaviour. Shaking with fright, the two trappers, Kinanda and Ngomari, told their story so fast that they hardly paused for breath. Some days after the fight at the Itha river, Kimathi had split his force of forty-nine terrorists into six separate *mbutu*, or sub-gangs, to reduce tracks, for he was certain that Thurura would give the government much information and that a major operation would result.

According to Kinanda, who with Ngomari was in the *mbutu* of a terrorist named Nyoka, Kimathi had told them not to leave the Tree Tops Salient. He ordered his leaders to send word when the area was safe for him to return, but he warned them not to do this until sufficient time had passed to make it improbable that any operation would be mounted on Thurura's information. He was to be sent this news by way of a certain *mururua* or Cape Chestnut tree which everyone in his gang knew. In one of the dark hollows of its trunk the letter for him was to be left.

The *mbutu* then went their ways. Kimathi setting off northwards towards the Amboni river with fifteen men and Wanjiru, his woman.

We soon made a new plan. One of our prisoners was to write a letter to Kimathi and we would place it in the *mururua* letter box. The letter would tell him to return to a certain bomb crater which he knew well. It would tell him that the Tree Tops Salient was now safe. It would tell him that there had been no pseudo-gangs or Security Forces in the forest for some days.

But it would not tell him that we were going to be waiting at the bomb crater when he came.

Before the team and its two prisoners finally withdrew from the forest, Kinanda took them to the terrorist who had been carried on the stretcher.

After the pole had broken this unfortunate individual was carried to the water's edge where some thick green leaves were stuffed into his wound to check the bleeding, and after being given some water, he was left to his fate. For three nights he lay there, then feeling a little stronger, he had dragged himself downstream in the water for nearly a mile before crawling up the bank into the forest where he collapsed. Sick, hungry and in great pain, he had lain there throughout the night, beating off packs of hyenas and screaming wildly every time the beasts came close to him. Kinanda had heard the screaming, and had asked Nyoka if he could go to the aid of the man, but Nyoka had refused this because Security Forces might be waiting nearby.

It was not until two days later, when Kinanda and Ngomari were alone together, that they crept up to the place. The wounded terrorist was still alive. In a faint, barely audible whisper, he told Kinanda and Ngomari his story, and they listened to every word with care, for they knew he would die, and by the custom of the forest it was very important to hear the last words of a dying man.

Then when he had finished he raised his head a little off the ground and, speaking a little louder, said to Kinanda: "Kill me because of the pain. Do not leave without killing me."

And Kinanda obeyed, cutting off his head with one swift sweep of his simi.

The days ahead were frustrating in the extreme. We searched in vain all over the Kimathi area. We had posted Kinanda's letter in the *mururua* tree, but Kimathi had not come to collect it.

To add to our miseries, two of our collaborators were killed by a wild buffalo. Our team was moving through the forest when there was a sudden, violent commotion immediately in front of it. Some days before a large buffalo bull had been caught in a Mau Mau snare made of six strands of barbed wire rolled together, tied firmly at one end to a heavy stump and looped at the other to fit over the animal's massive head and horns as it came along its path. The bull had dragged the stump many miles through the forest until it was exhausted.

A buffalo is a dangerous beast at the best of times, but this bull had been maddened by pain. It had not noticed the approach of the team until it was almost upon it. Then it erupted with a volcanic lunge of fury. Its horns tore savagely at the earth. Branches and bushes were flung high in the air.

Our men fled to the nearest tree, but the trap wires had snapped, and as they ran the buffalo swept down on them. In a matter of seconds the first victim had been trampled down and gored. A moment later the bull turned on a second man and shook the life from his body. Then the bull was off, crashing into the forest. Both of its victims were dead.

Gethieya and I shared the general depression. Once we had to spend two days and two nights without food, blankets or shelter at the highest point of the Aberdares, where the altitude is just short of 13,000 feet.

Our tempers were not improved when, after long and tiring journeys through the forest, we sometimes found that our rations, which had been hidden away at pre-arranged rendezvous, had been completely devoured by hyenas.

But we weren't always unlucky. After one ration trip we made a detour through the forest to the scene of a Harvard aircraft crash, as we knew that the terrorists obtained much of their trapping wire from crashed aircraft. After climbing all over the fuselage for several minutes, we returned to Nyeri, where we learned that months before a military unit had booby-trapped the wreckage with twelve two-inch mortar bombs and eight hand grenades.

It was not until June 4 that we made contact with Kimathi's gang again. Some of his men made the grave mistake of going into the farming country after a rainstorm to steal potatoes, which made concealment of their tracks on the return journey impossible.

We had always been on the alert for reports of produce-stealing, so when one morning a message was passed to us in the forest giving the location of the theft we were quickly off the mark.

NEXT WEEK: Our men "join" Mau Mau—to win recruits

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A. P. HERBERT'S

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BEGINS IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT YOUR HEADACHE?

Doctors are trying every angle to find a cure. They hoax the victims, mend their marriages—even stand them on their heads

by DR. BRIAN ANSON

HEADACHE of one sort or another regularly afflicts millions of people in Britain—and is nearly always attributed to the wrong cause. People complain of headache when thunder is about, when they are in a stuffy room, are tired, have indigestion, have been sleeping badly or have some slight infection. But others who also get tired, live in stuffy rooms or encounter thunderstorms have never had a headache in their lives. These small irritations of everyday life are just the last straw for people who tend to have headaches in any case.

A great deal has been learned in recent years about the mysterious mechanism of headaches. Neuro-surgeons, who sometimes have to operate on the brain under local anaesthetics, have found that while all the tissues of the scalp are sensitive to pain the skull bone is quite insensitive. It can be drilled or sawn through with impunity.

Most curious of all, the brain itself, the final resort of all sensations, is quite insensitive and, once the skull has been opened under a local anaesthetic, can be cut and handled without the patient feeling anything.

The sensitive parts of the interior of the skull are the blood vessels, which hurt if they are stretched, and the attachments (near the base of the skull) of the membranes that cover the brain. So all headaches must arise from some cause outside the skull or from something inside which stretches the blood vessels or the membranes.

What chronic headache sufferers yearn for is a pill or an injection—or even an operation—that would end their trouble once and for all.

But in spite of much study there is seldom any simple answer. Headache has been investigated by making acrobats stand on their heads, by putting volunteers into giant centrifuges and spinning them round and round, by dosing others with hundreds of possible headache producers and by stimulating parts of the brain during surgical operations. But headache is not a disease, like measles. It is a symptom of many ailments and it can be caused in many ways.

Only a small proportion of headaches is produced by serious conditions, such as brain tumour, meningitis, hardening of the arteries, high blood pressure or sinus trouble.

In every case of persistent headache, organic disease must first be looked for. It is found in only about one case in ten—but these cases must not be missed.

Infection in the frontal sinus connected with the nose may produce a severe throbbing pain above the eye. A young man with a decayed eye tooth will have shooting pains in the temple. A person who has received a head injury in a car accident may have severe headache for a considerable time afterwards. And I often see patients who have fibrositis in the neck and scalp muscles, which produces pain above the ears and into the temples—a shooting, stabbing, aching pain.

This fibrositic headache is usually made worse by moving the head and neck and by the jerk of coughing or sneezing. Pressure on the muscles of the neck produces pain in these cases.

Many people believe that constipation causes headache. It is true that many a headache is relieved by an aperient, but it is relieved so quickly that the headache cannot be due to any poisons being absorbed. It is due to a nervous reflex from a distended intestine and disappears at once with the relief of the distension.

Eye strain can cause headache in people who need suitable glasses, but usually they suffer only if they are tired or worried. The hangover headache has a mixed origin, in abdominal distension, alcoholic poisoning and, as a remote possibility, neuritis due to deprivation of vitamin B.

All these things are contributory causes of headache, but in ninety per cent of cases the pain is due either to migraine or to the so-called tension headache, associated with anxiety and an inability to relax.

Women complain of tension headaches more often than men, and in both sexes it is most prevalent among those who live on their nerves. It is a continuous pest. One in three of the victims has it every day. The pain starts at the back of the head, then moves forward over both sides until it is burning, pressing and throbbing. Often there is a sensation that someone is tying a string tightly round the scalp while another malefactor is hammering a nail into the top of the skull. The patient says, "It feels as if my head were in a vice."

However, I invariably note that, whereas patients with migraine are genuinely incapacitated, those with tension headache seldom allow the pain to interfere with their work or play, nor does it keep them awake at night.

Behind such headaches is always some emotional tension: worry, anxiety, fear or nervous strain. The daily frustrations that make most people lose their tempers are, in such people, bottled up. "These are tensions that would normally make a person blow his top," says one psychiatrist. "But the headache patient doesn't blow his top. He gets an ache in his top instead."

Most sufferers have a ready explanation. They smoke too much, there is too much noise in the office, they have slept badly. Some get frightened and think that their headaches are due to impending insanity, and this fear, of course, produces more headache. But there is no particular relationship between headache and insanity. Indeed, patients in mental hospitals are remarkably free from headaches.

Tension headaches sometimes come on just as

Continued on page 24

At Wivelsfield Green Jim Dinnage and his wife allow local children to ride on their donkeys. They make good pets—and there's never any worry about what to feed them on

If you've got an acre of ground, stout fences and tolerant neighbours then you're all set to join the growing circle which has donkeys for pets

A donkey in the family

by RENÉ LECLER

ONE day last summer Jim Dinnage, founder of Britain's only Donkey Club, was thinking of ways to publicise the work of his organization when he hit on the idea of a goodwill tour of a South Coast resort. Putting three donkeys in a horse box, he drove to the outskirts of Worthing and began parading them through the crowded streets.

For a while all went well. Then, in front of a luxury hotel, one of the donkeys leaned on a lamp post and refused to move. For twenty-five minutes Dinnage and his helpers tried every inducement they knew, from carrots to sugar, without success.

In the midst of a hilarious crowd, Dinnage was being charged by a policeman with obstruction when the second donkey sat down on a manhole cover in the middle of the street. "We had to get ropes and slings," says Dinnage, "and manhandle him back into the horsebox."

They had no sooner cleared the roadway when the third donkey, which had been reluctantly pulling a small cart, suddenly took to a gallop and went clear through a red traffic signal. "We had the whole place tied up in knots," says Dinnage. "After that I daren't go near Worthing any more."

Dinnage and his wife Susan, who is secretary of the club, are well used to the idiosyncrasies of donkeys. Once when Mrs. Dinnage took a donkey named Jezebel to an agricultural show, children began giving cherries to the animal. Jezebel ambled along the path chewing the cherries, carefully spitting out the stones. "I got talking to someone," says Mrs. Dinnage, "when all of a sudden I heard a lot of shouting behind me. Jezebel had seized a huge straw hat off a woman's head and was noisily munching through the straw to get at the artificial cherries in the centre."

A jovial, fifty-three year old Sussex farmer who lives at Wivelsfield Green, Dinnage now bears the ceremonial title of Chief Ass of the club which he founded accidentally six years ago when, out of pity, he bought a donkey named Billy Boy from a pedlar. A few weeks later he and his wife heard that two hundred donkeys in transit from Ireland to slaughter houses on the Continent had broken loose in Ashford, Kent; they helped to buy the animals, put them to graze on their Lone Barn Farm and eventually found them homes among their friends.

They then founded the club to try to put an end to the traffic from Ireland, protect donkeys and raise money for charities. Their first race meeting, in 1952, which included such features as the Donkey Derby, "Ascot" and the "Donkeyster Ledger," drew crowds of 22,000 people to their small village. In six years they have raised over £20,000 and now run their own Donkey Club Home for crippled children.

"We never dreamed that this thing would assume such proportions," says Dinnage. "Several times we have tried to call a halt but people won't let us." The club now has six thousand members whose money and support have helped the Dinnages to rescue over four hundred donkeys from slaughter. The club sells the donkeys at the price it pays for them to people who want them.

"We've had to make our own regulations," explains Dinnage, "because many people think they can keep a donkey at the bottom of the garden for fun." He now makes certain that the prospective owner has a minimum of between one and two acres of grazing, stout fencing and some understanding of what a donkey can do.

Many people who bought donkeys from him to pull their lawnmowers have been disappointed. One Sussex man who purchased one to pull a pig swill cart, recently wrote to the Dinnages: "After many efforts on my part, the donkey now looks at me pulling the cart."

Most donkeys are strong and tireless animals but according to Dinnage "they decide once and for all how much they will do and then nothing will budge them." He has often watched beach donkeys making their rounds shorter and shorter as the day wears on and eventually stopping altogether.

Their wandering nature and curious eating habits have many times caused him trouble. When a neighbouring farmer accused Dinnage's thirty donkeys of having broken into his granary during the night and helped themselves to sacks of peas and beans, Dinnage refused to believe him. The next night it rained and in the morning the angry farmer called again and asked Dinnage if he knew what a donkey hoof mark looked like. Dinnage agreed that he did. They found hundreds of hoof-prints across two fields

Continued on page 28

To prison—with a cricket team of crooks! Plainly this was not our kind of outing . . . or this sweet young lady's either

RAFFLES and the SILVER DISH

by BARRY PEROWNE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

In the sunshine of a perfect summer afternoon, a dogcart was clattering briskly along a lonely moorland road. The reins were in the hands of a poker-faced young groom with a neat white stock and square-set bowler. Behind him sat A. J. Raffles and myself, Bunny Manders, with our portmanteaux and cricket-bags.

After the stuffiness of the train which had brought us from London, we looked about us with appreciation. There wasn't a moving thing in sight on the dust-white road. The wide sky was blue. We breathed deeply of the fragrance of the heaths which stretched illimitably on every side.

"You know, Bunny," Raffles said, "it seems a pity that this admirable moor should be renowned chiefly for a prison, of all things."

"You read my thoughts," I said. I lowered my voice, so as not to be heard by the groom. "Matter of fact," I confided, "I was just thanking our lucky stars, Raffles, that it isn't that confounded prison we're bound for."

He chuckled. "It hasn't come to that yet, old boy—touch wood." Hatless, his dark hair crisp, his keen face deeply tanned, he wore a grey suit with a blue tie. "We're bound for a rather different type of crammer's establishment—fortunately. I think you'll like Henry and Cassie Standish, Bunny."

Henry Standish, M.A., and his young wife Cassie ran a crammer's establishment, a place to which fellows went when, ploughed in exams for their chosen professions, they were obliged to seek extra tuition in their vacations. According to Raffles, Cassie was so charming as virtually to ensure the popularity of any crammer's establishment whatever.

"What sort of a cricket team has Standish got?" I asked.

I spoke a bit uneasily. Months ago Raffles had promised to come down and turn out in a game or two for the Crammer's Eleven, and bring somebody with him. He had persuaded me to come, rather against my better judgment, for I was well aware that my cricket was pretty contemptible.

"These crammer teams vary a lot, Bunny," Raffles said. "Their strength depends on who they happen to have swotting there." He added: "That must be Standish's just come into sight ahead."

We had turned off the road on to a side-track which wound across the heath to a big, old, rambling house. Our approach must have been seen for, as the dogcart jingled and crunched up a gravelled drive, two men came down the steps of the house to greet us. Henry Standish looked to be not much more than thirty, a tall, fair-haired, haggardly handsome man wearing a suit of academic pepper-and-salt. He had worried-looking blue eyes. He introduced the other man as Captain Gordon.

"Gordon's helping me with the army-class fellows," Standish explained. "He will be the visiting umpire at tomorrow's match."

Gordon was a big, grey-haired, grey-moustached man of forty or so, in cricket blazer and grey flannels. He had an air of boisterous bonhomie which quite swamped Standish. It was Gordon who told the groom to take our things to the Blue Room, and who shouted cordially: "Now for a drink to swill the moorland dust down. You must be gasping."

Raffles frowned slightly. I heard him murmur an aside to Standish: "Everything all right, Henry?"

"Of course, of course," said the crammer, with a flush.

Captain Gordon led us through the house and out on to a sunlit lawn. "Attention, everybody," he shouted. "Here they are—the two acquisitions for our cricket team—Mr. Raffles and Mr. Manders."

I had never been at a crammer's establishment before, and I looked about me with interest. Four white-flannelled, blazered fellows were playing croquet on the lawn. Beyond the lawn was a small cricket ground, with some chaps practising at the nets. In the shade of the trees to the right of the lawn was a group of about a dozen more.

Nobody seemed to be doing any swotting. As the group under the trees turned to look at us, I noticed that it was not books they held in their hands, but brandies-and-soda. And they were clustered, like bees at a honey-pot, round two women perched on a wrought-iron seat.

I realized at a glance that the taller woman was hardly the honey-pot, for she was a bessemer-steel brunette of a certain age, with a tart smile. Beside her the other seemed little more than a girl. The girl rose and came forward. Her dress was summery. Her hair was fair and soft, and her eyes were

Suddenly the lout who had been annoying Cassie drew a revolver and aimed it at Raffles's back

darkly violet. She was lovely, but seemed pale. She held out a hand to Raffles. "I'm so happy to see you again, A. J.," she said.

"And I to see you," he said. And, holding her hand in both of his, he asked: "Is all quite well with you here, Cassie?"

It was not so much what he said as the way he said it. I had a sudden impression that a stillness fell on the blazered figures all about.

But Cassie Standish gently withdrew her hand. "We're all very well here, A. J.," she said, and she went to her tall husband's side, and the haggard crammer put an arm about her.

The croquet-players resumed their game. The balls knocked together with a hollow sound.

"Well, well," said Captain Gordon breezily. He turned to the gimlet-eyed brunette woman. "Agnes, my dear, may I present Mr. A. J. Raffles and Mr. Bunny Manders. Gentlemen—my wife."

We bowed, and Agnes Gordon said, with an acid simper: "It's a great honour, Mr. Raffles, that an England cap should condescend to play for a crammer's eleven against a warders' eleven on a prison ground."

"It'll be a pleasure, Mrs. Gordon," Raffles said blandly, "to play anywhere for Henry Standish's team. We're old friends, aren't we, Henry?"

KNOWING Raffles as I did, I knew that he was as startled as I was at this news of a match to be played at the prison; but he showed nothing of it as he glanced with a smile at Standish.

Again I saw that quick flush in the crammer's haggard, handsome face. "The prison match is tomorrow," he said. "They've quite a nice little ground, in a hollow just outside the walls. I told the governor I'd probably have you and Manders in my side. He was delighted. He said he knew you, Raffles—had played with you in M.C.C. teams."

"Indeed? What's his name?"

"Colonel Tucker."

"Old Friar Tucker?" Raffles exclaimed. "Good Lord—is he a prison governor, now? He was soldiering when I knew him."

"Well, well," said Captain Gordon again. "I'm sure we're all looking forward most keenly to our visit to the prison tomorrow. But we're being remiss, Standish, my dear fellow. Raffles, Manders—brandy and soda? Whisky? Or tea?"

Decanters and a tea-tray stood on a table nearby. I plumped for brandy myself. I needed it. Not an hour ago Raffles and I had been congratulating ourselves on having no truck with the prison. Now here we were, doomed to play cricket under the very walls of the place. The mere thought cast a damper on my spirits.

I drank my brandy and looked about me at the blazered students. I was not much taken by them. Though mostly in their twenties, they seemed to me a more experienced-looking lot than I had thought to find at a crammer's. Some of them, in fact, had such a dissolute and reckless look that I did not greatly marvel at their having been ploughed in exams.

One of them in particular I did not fancy at all. He was lolling with his hip propped on the arm of the seat. The brunette had moved across to the croquet players, and Cassie Standish was sitting there alone. I saw that the arm of the blazered fellow was sliding stealthily along the back of the seat, behind her slender shoulders.

I thought at first that she was unaware of him. She seemed to be listening to the conversation of her husband and Raffles and Captain Gordon. But she was tense. Her hands were clasped tightly together in her lap. I caught the expression in her eyes, and it was one of such intense unhappiness, even fear, that a shock went through me.

At that moment Raffles turned rather sharply. His elbow caught the lout full in the mouth and knocked him flying off the seat-arm on to the grass. "Cassie," he said, apparently oblivious of the fellow, "could I take a splash more soda?"

He stepped to the table. I saw the fellow sitting on the grass dash the back of a hand across his mouth. He looked at the smear of blood from his cut lips. Then his hand flashed to his blazer pocket and he pulled out a revolver, levelling it at Raffles's back.

Before I could shout a warning, Captain Gordon roared: "Put that away!" His jowled face turned brick-red with rage. "All right," he added, "time to end the farce."

Raffles turned, glass in hand. "High time, I should think. Henry, what is this choice company you have here?"

"Tell him," said Gordon.

"Raffles," Henry Standish said, "for a week this house has been in the hands of criminals—lock, stock and barrel." Cassie buried her face in her hands and Henry went on grimly: "There are twenty-five of them here, posing as pupils, grooms, domestics. My own domestic staff have been living as prisoners in the stables."

"Henry," Raffles said, "Cassie, you've been in hell. I saw that from the first. With our military friend here, Captain Gordon, as resident bully—chucking his weight about?"

"Not Gordon, Raffles," the big man said. "The name is Sime. You've heard of the Sime cousins, perhaps—Rodney and Walter? We were described by the newspapers, at the time of my cousin Rodney's trial, as swell mobsmen.

"Rodney was sentenced to twelve years. Luckily I wasn't caught, nor were the rest of my organization. That lady over there is not Agnes Gordon. She's my cousin Rodney's wife, Agnes Sime. Rodney's in the prison across the moor there. We plan to raid that prison and get him out."

Hands suddenly slapped my pockets. "They've nothing on 'em, Walter," reported one of the bogus pupils.

"Naturally not," said Sime. "Whoever heard of cricketers going about armed? Yet what better articles in which to conceal and carry arms than cricket-bags? Eleven cricket-bags. Enough for an arsenal. You begin to see the colour of my plan, Raffles?

"Faced by the problem of how to muster my men on the moor, not too far from the prison, I made a preliminary reconnaissance. You can imagine my delight when I chanced on the perfect base for operations—a crammer's establishment.

"I took the place over. And—would you believe it?—I'll be damned if I didn't discover that our crammer friend here actually had arranged a cricket fixture against the Warders' Eleven, on *their* ground. Right at the prison! And that A. J. Raffles, one of the best-known players in England, a man above all conceivable suspicion, would be playing for the crammer's team. *And* you know the prison governor personally, have played with him before."

Sime laughed triumphantly. "The job's handed to me on a silver dish. When I give my signal, those screws will never know what hit them. Their team, including this Colonel Tucker, their head turnkey, will be blackjacked and laid out cold in the pavilion. And when the alarm goes off, where will the rest of the warders be? I'll tell you. A few, due for night duty, may be asleep in their houses, but by far the most part will be sitting unarmed on the grass round the boundary, as spectators of the game, all ripe and ready to be rounded up at rifle point."

There was a silence. Then Raffles said grimly: "You've really thought all this out, Sime, haven't you?"

"I have," Sime said. "And I advise you to think, too. Because your friend Standish will unfortunately pull a muscle and be unable to play tomorrow. He'll be present, though—he and his charming young wife.

"We shall travel in two shooting-brakes. One will carry the Crammer's Eleven, with you as captain and me as the visiting umpire. In the second brake will be your dear friends Henry and Cassie, surrounded by the rest of my lads, come to watch the cricketers.

"Henry and Cassie are hostages. One move, one word, one whisper out of place tomorrow, Raffles, and you'll see just how short will be your dear friends' days in the land. To say nothing of your own." He beckoned forward two of his "students," both of whom now held revolvers. "Take Mr. Raffles and Mr. Manders to their room, search them, see that food is passed in to them and that they are not released till tomorrow morning when I give the word."

The "Blue Room," to which Captain Gordon had instructed the groom to take our luggage, turned out to be no more than a boxroom. I saw at once why it had been chosen for our occupation. It had no window. Moreover, obviously for our special benefit, strong bolts had been fitted to the outside of the door. I heard them rammed home.

There was nothing in the room but a couple of camp beds with a folded blanket apiece, and our own gear dumped on the beds. Not that I cared. All I could think of was the look in the eyes of the crammer's young wife.

"Poor Cassie," I said.

Raffles did not answer. He was looking at our bags, gaping open on the beds.

"They've been searched, Bunny," he said. He went to his cricket-bag, rummaged in it under the bats and pads. His expression lightened extraordinarily. Taking something from the bag, he stepped to the door, listened at it for a moment, then turned to me.

"Keep your voice low," he said. "There are a couple of 'em out on the landing—our night guard." There was a grey gleam in his eyes. "Bunny, they've searched our gear here. They've searched us, too. They're not likely to search us again. Old boy, I think they've made a little mistake."

"Mistake?" I whispered.

"Of the fifteen men present on a cricket pitch when play's in progress," Raffles said, "which two are least likely to have occasion to touch the ball with hand or bat?"

"The umpires," I said. I felt a sudden, prickling excitement. I stared at him. "Walter Sime will be the visiting umpire tomorrow——"

"Just so," said Raffles. He spun up, and caught, the ball he had taken from his cricket-bag. "Sime and his mob want to get inside a prison," he said. "It's an unusual ambition. Still, we

Starke's Guide to Gardening

"One need not deny oneself the pleasure of working close to the soil just because one can afford to employ a gardener."

IN

Other People's Letters

I've been down to Aldershot exploring a new world—the Royal Flying Corps. It's a rummy sensation to stand at the very beginning of things, as it might be with Primitive Man when he first launched his canoe. They don't know a damn thing but they are finding it out by experience—such of 'em as live. It's exactly like a kid rolling down a flight of steps and discovering the laws of gravity at the age of two.

But they seemed to me to have already developed a typical eye and face. I noticed also that there is a New Smell in the Service—not Infantry (hot or cold)—not Artillery (which is horse-sweat and leather)—not motor transport which is petrol and oil, but a fourth and indescribable stink—a rather shrill stink if you understand, like chlorine gas on top of petrol fumes plus gummy calico in a shop. That's the stink of the aeroplane.

Who wrote this letter? See foot of last column.

Advice on Advice

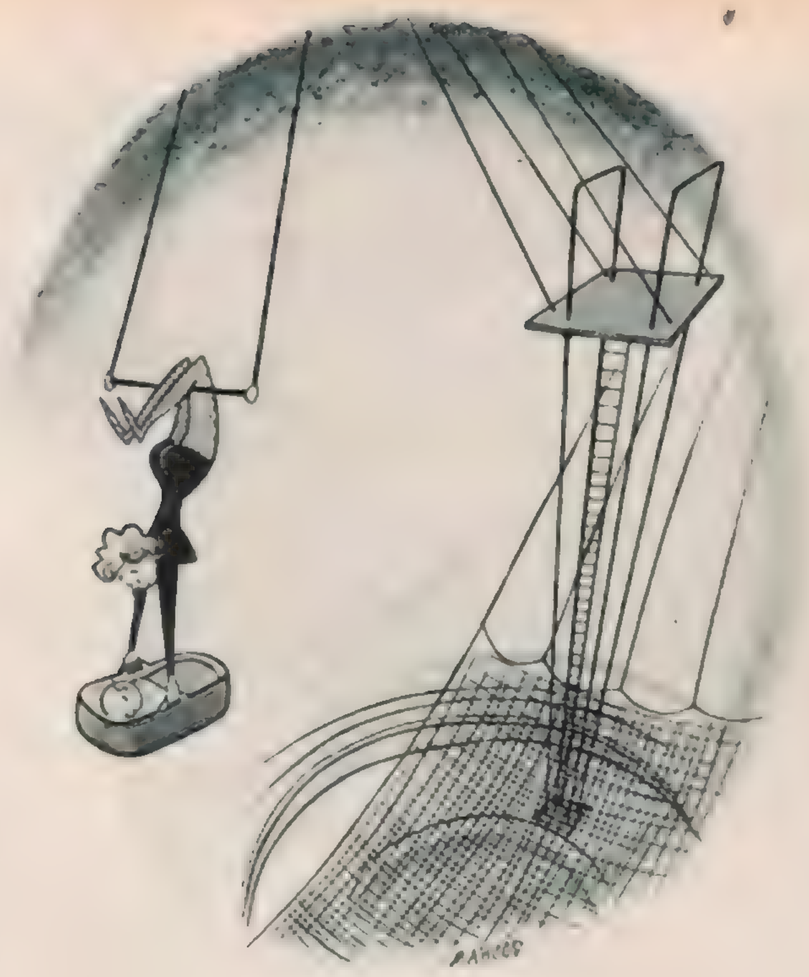
You needn't follow,
You needn't swallow
Whatever is said.
But it's friendly and nice.
When you're given advice,
Just to nod your head.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Universal Shape

If you've studied science-fiction, you can make a fair prediction
Of the type of folk you'll meet on Mars or Venus.
And they'll match in form and face all those things from Outer Space
That have dropped in from the galaxies and seen us.
The males, of course, are horrid, with one eye, six arms, no forehead;
Or with tentacles, a bulging brain—all mystics.
But the female of the species, you will find a charming piece is,
And she universally shows the right statistics!

NOEL SCOTT



SHORT

Foreign Affairs

A party of hunters in Japan's northern mountains found Liu Lien Jen, a forty-seven year old Chinaman who escaped from a prison camp in 1945 and had hidden ever since in the mountains, unaware that the war was over.

Mrs. E. M. Ralls felt dizzy and could not see after leaving a Toronto beauty parlour. Thinking it was blood pressure trouble she called on her friend, Mrs. Helen Bond, to rest for a while. Mrs. Bond was also having difficulty with her sight. They had been at the same beauty parlour, started comparing eye troubles and then discovered they had picked up each other's spectacles at the beauty parlour.

A police car stopped behind Jim Breazeale's car as he parked in Memphis, Tennessee. A policeman told him that he had been selected as one of the week's safest drivers and asked him to go to a nearby radio station for an interview. On returning he found a parking ticket on his car.

Words of Wisdom

When I was leaving Oxford in 1922 I told my tutor I was going to be a solicitor, but that I didn't much like the idea. "I don't want to get into a groove," I said. (I was a stupid lad, even in those days.)

"It isn't a question whether or not you get into a groove," he said. "It's simply a question: 'Which groove?'"

SIR ARTHUR FFORDE
Chairman of the B.B.C. Board of Governors

Pleasant Sunday Afternoon

Hallo, Mrs. Jackson, looking for bargains again?

I don't know what I'd do on Saturday afternoons without a good jumble sale. This is the first time I've been to the Baptists.

What are you after this time?

Knobs.

Door knobs?

Knobs for beds. Those old brass bedsteads are fashionable again. We've got one in the attic but a lot of the bits are missing.

You should try that second-hand shop in the High Street.

I did. The man said he hadn't anything with brass knobs on. Quite cheeky, he was.

They're all the same nowadays. Look at that lovely nameplate — "Arcadia." Only one-and-threepence.

I thought your house was "St. Helier."

"Arcadia" sounds nicer. Wonder if I could talk my old man into changing it.

Have you looked at the gramophone records? There's quite a good Gracie Fields if you don't start it right at the edge.

Goodness, there's that stuffed fish again. The Wesleyans had it last week and the Townswomen the week before.

It'll finish up at the Welsh Society, you see.

Some people have a bit of a nerve, the things they send to jumble sales. Those books of old wallpaper patterns, for instance.

Oh, our gran loves looking at those. They bring back memories, she says.

Well, I must run along and see what they've got at All Saints. If you come across any sets of pram wheels let me know. My boy wants to make one of those wagon things.

So long. See you next week at the Conservatives, I expect. Or the Parent-Teachers.

Not the Parent-Teachers. I got some home-made chutney at their last sale and we all felt quite queer for a week.

E. S. TURNER

The letter in column one was written by Rudyard Kipling on December 10, 1912.

must do all we can to help them gratify it."

He sat down on one of the beds and took a penknife from his pocket. . . .

• • •

The ball was in the right-hand pocket of my blazer as I sat next morning in a yellow-wheeled shooting-brake crowded with the Criminals' Eleven on the way to play the Warders' Eleven. We all were in cricket gear.

The lout whose lips Raffles had split yesterday was driving the brake. Next to him, on the high driving-seat, was Raffles himself, bareheaded, wearing an I. Zingari blazer and muffler. Beside him sat Walter Sime, in a floppy white linen hat and an umpire's white coat. Under the feet of the rest of us, sitting in the back, were eleven cricket-bags containing a minimum of cricket tackle and a maximum of rifles, revolvers and rope-ladders with grappling-hooks.

A second brake followed us. I looked back at it. It was driven by the groom who had met us off the London train. Beside him sat Cassie Standish, her face very pale. On Cassie's other side sat her sinister chaperone, the acid, hard-bitten Agnes Sime, holding an open parasol. Behind them the brake was loaded with the rest of Sime's men, wearing ordinary summer suits and boaters, with the other hostage, Henry Standish, in their midst.

As I looked back at Cassie and thought of the weight of responsibility Raffles had imposed on me, I felt hollow inside. The message he had gouged with his penknife in the leather of the ball in my pocket seemed to burn through my blazer into the very skin of my hip: *Sime mob's team. Walter umpire. Raid planned. Standishes held hostage. Act warily. A.J.R.*

The match was due to begin at eleven thirty. When our brake clattered into the small village of prison staff houses, in the heart of the lonely moorland, the clock of the small church was pointing to eleven thirty exactly.

The horses were reined-in, jingling, alongside a low drystone wall to the right of the road. To the left was a long, low-eaved inn. On the other side of the drystone wall the ground fell away steeply to a treeless hollow. In the hollow, towered over by the outer wall of the great prison on the opposite slope, was the level green of a cricket ground. A small pavilion stood at an oblique angle with its back to the prison wall.

In front of the pavilion the warders' team, white-flannelled, were having a knock-up. Other off-duty warders, with their wives, children and picnic baskets, were beginning to gather. All round the boundary line, the little family groups settled down on the grass.

The sight of the women and children there added to my apprehension. As I got down I glanced towards Raffles. He was shaking hands with a thick-set, powerful man with a blunt face and grizzled sideburns, who wore flannels and an M.C.C. cap, and who I guessed to be the prison governor, Colonel Tucker.

"Standish crocked?" I heard him saying, in a booming, hearty voice. "So you'll be skippering the crammer boys, eh? Well, delighted to see you here at the prison, Raffles. And you've brought an umpire along, I see. Well done. And isn't that Standish himself and his charming young wife in the other brake just pulling in? Brought the rest of his pewps over to cheer you on, eh? The more the merrier!"

He waved as the horses of the second brake jingled to a standstill behind our own. "Sorry to hear you're crocked, Standish," he called. "Nice of you to bring your party, though. Hope we give the ladies a game worth watching. Well, now, Raffles, what d'you say—shall we make a start?"

Sime, in his floppy hat, his right hand constantly in the pocket of his umpire's coat, kept close behind Raffles and the governor as they walked over to the pavilion together, followed by the rest of us carrying our heavy cricket-bags. We tramped into the small, woodenly echoing building. It had one large room, the front and rear walls of which consisted of broad flap-shutters. The shutters facing the ground were propped up, lean-to fashion, but the rear shutters were bolted down. At each end of the room was a wooden partition, one marked STAFF, the other VISITORS.

Raffles and the prison governor, with Sime still close behind them, walked on

out to the wicket. All the time Sime's right hand was in his pocket. I knew that the slightest sign of a whisper from Raffles, or an attempt to pass anything—even a coin to toss with, a coin on which a message might have been scratched—would bring Raffles a quick bullet.

And the shot would serve as Sime's signal. It would bring the rifles out of the cricket-bags. It would bring the bogus crammer students, up there in the brake acting as a miniature grandstand above the drystone wall, pouring down the slope.

Raffles was right. The ball was our only hope.

I saw the governor take a coin from his pocket. He spun it up. It flashed silver in the sunshine. Raffles called. They stooped to look at the coin. The governor picked it up. They started back to the pavilion, Sime at their heels.

My throat was dry as Raffles and Sime came behind the visitors' partition. Sime took a bit of paper from his pocket.

"It's a plumb wicket out there," he said sardonically, "and our captain's won the toss for us. Here's our batting order. I've put our captain number one and you"—he looked at me—"number six. The rest of you can see where you are for yourselves. Our scorer has a copy." He rubbed his hands together. "The job's handed to us on a silver dish, gentlemen."

Raffles began putting on his pads. As he stooped over the straps, his grey eyes gave me a single glance that told me, clearly as words: "Now for it."

He had played for England. Now he was playing for the life of the crammer's young wife, and perhaps for many lives. And if he lost his wicket, all was lost.

I SAT with the rest of the criminal team on a bench before the pavilion.

"Sime's team'll behave as normally as possible," Raffles had predicted. "They'll sit in front of the pavilion, like any other country batting side. Try to get as near the end of the bench as possible, Bunny."

I was next but one to the left-hand end of the bench, facing down the wicket, almost in an exact line with mid-off, who was Colonel Tucker. The bowler from the pavilion end was a huge, brawny young warder with a shock of tow-coloured hair. He had a long run. He was very fast but wildly erratic, bowling mostly down the leg side. Three times in his first over Raffles glanced him to the fine leg boundary. It was useless to us.

I started violently at a sudden metallic rattle to my left. I slid my glance in that direction. The scoreboard was there. It was just a post to which was nailed a square board with hooks on it. A shirt-sleeved man in warder's trousers had cast down an armful of number plates on the grass. He hooked a couple on the board: 10. Behind the scoreboard, and to the left of it, the grass was ankle-length. A big roller stood there. The grass was perfect for our purpose, if only. . . .

A rattle of stumps sent my heart into my mouth. An outbreak of clapping came from the little family groups sitting all round the boundary. The sweat of relief poured from me as I saw that it was not Raffles who was returning to the pavilion. The number plates rattled: 15—1—3.

The man on my right on the bench walked out to the wicket. Another man went into the pavilion to put his pads on. Up in the village the church clock peacefully chimed twelve.

Raffles was contriving to keep himself mostly at the far end, facing me. I cursed and blasted that tow-headed warder for slinging them down on the leg. When twelve thirty struck, the scoreboard read: 30—2—0. The man on my left went into the pavilion to pad-up. There now was nobody on my left at all.

At last the thing I had been praying for happened. The governor took the tow-head off. Then I saw that the governor himself was rolling his sleeves higher. He took off his M.C.C. cap, handed it to Sime, who was umpiring at the pavilion end, his back to me. Then he trotted up to the wicket and bowled Raffles the very ball I had dreamed of and prayed for—a half-volley outside the off stump.

The ball came off Raffles's bat like a bullet. It soared in my direction, but a bit to my left. It landed full toss on the roller, which gave off a deep note like a gong.

I was already running to retrieve the ball as it fell in the grass. I saw it lying there. I stooped as though snatching it up, but did not touch it. As I stooped, I jerked the other ball from my blazer pocket. And as I turned I threw in, hard and high. "Straight to the governor, wherever he's fielding," Raffles had said.

Leaving the match-ball lying pretty well concealed in the grass, I ran back to the bench and resumed my seat. I saw the governor take the throw-in on the first bounce. "Old Friar Tucker'll feel those gouges on the ball," Raffles had said. "He'll wonder what the devil and take a glance at it. . . ."

The governor was walking back slowly to start his run. I did not breathe. He was looking at the ball in his hand. He seemed to be meditating what kind of spin to put on it for his next delivery. He reached his run mark. He turned. He trotted up to the wicket, bowled again.

"Whatever fielders handle the ball after the governor," Raffles had said, "will feel the gouges and take a glance at it before throwing in. But they'll all know old Friar Tucker's seen it first and they'll take their cue from him. They're warders, Bunny."

The game went on. By the time the clock struck one, almost every man on the pitch had handled the substituted ball except the two batsmen—and the two umpires.

As the bails came off for lunch, the governor caught the ball, tossed to him casually by the wicket-keeper, and himself tossed it as casually to the warders' umpire. They came walking in together, with all the rest, Walter Sime keeping close behind Raffles. The warders' umpire went off somewhere, but the governor, coming into the pavilion where the rest of us were now foregathered, exclaimed: "Ah, I see these kind ladies have been busy."

A number of pleasant-faced matrons, whom I assumed to be warders' wives, had set up a long table, with a row of chairs each side of it, in the main room. However the gentry on the other side of the prison walls might fare, visitors on the outside seemed to be done pretty handsomely, for great jugs of cider and ale stood down the middle of the table, while before each place was a heaped plateful of ham, beef, tongue and pickles.

As the beaming matrons withdrew, Friar Tucker rubbed his hands together with tremendous relish. "I'd better take the head of the table," he said. "Raffles, will you sit on my left, and the rest of your crammer boys down that side? Umpires here on my right, and our staff team down that side. Good, good. Well, now, all of you, do please just carry on. Raffles—and our visiting umpire here—let me help you to cider. We're rather proud of our cider, at the good old prison here."

He was still talking, keeping everybody happy as a good host should, when the warders' umpire came tramping in. "Come along, Shinn," said the governor. "You're all behind with your lunch, man."

"Yes, sir," said Shinn. "Sorry, sir."

He was about to take the vacant chair adjoining Sime's when the governor said: "Anybody find it hot in here? I do. Let's let the breeze blow through, if there *is* any breeze. Shinn, before you sit down, just shove up the shutter-flaps on the rear side, there's a good fellow. Bundy, give him a hand."

Behind me, the shutter-flaps were unbolted and pushed up on their supports.

"That's better," said the genial host. Then his tone suddenly changed, and his great voice boomed formidably in the pavilion. "Now if all visitors except Mr. Raffles will put their hands flat on the table, they may be lucky enough not to get their heads blown off by the twelve rifles levelled at them through the apertures just opened. . . . That's the style."

I was rigid, my palms flat on the table. Across from me, Walter Sime was sitting similarly, his jaw dropped in stunned incredulity as he stared past me at the rifles I could not see.

"Right," said Governor Tucker. "Now, you staff players, your colleagues outside will pass the bracelets in to you. Clap 'em on our visitors. Hold them here till I give you different orders. If any of 'em opens his mouth, club him." He rose. "Raffles, a word with you. . . ."

Raffles stood up, putting a hand on my shoulder. "This is Bunny Manders, sir, friend of mine. Very good thrower-in."

"Ah," said the governor. "Come along too, Manders."

He led us behind the partition marked STAFF. The flap-shutter there was up, on the ground side. He turned to us.

"When Shinn, our umpire, nipped into the prison," he said, "to bring out that rifle squad, he also dispatched a messenger to rout out the night-duty men asleep in their houses up in the village and muster them behind the inn. He has his instructions. Those crooks up in the shooting-brake can't see what's happening down here inside the pavilion, and they can't see the riflemen at the back there. But *we* can see just what happens up there at the shooting-brake. And here comes action, I think. . . ."

We watched tensely. Above the drystone wall edging the road there had come into view a single file of flat-topped blue uniform caps, the up-pointing muzzles of a dozen slung rifles. At a marching rhythm, as of a squad going on duty, the caps came on along the road.

The bogus crammer boarders in the brake, eating sandwiches, turned their heads to look at the squad marching past. Suddenly the hand of the tail-end marcher shot out and jerked Agnes Sime clean off the driving-seat. The steely chaperone's pink parasol fell like a struck flag. In an instant, the flat caps were all round the brake, their rifles covering the occupants. The hands of the bogus students shot aloft.

JUST before we left to return to the crammer's place, the governor said: "Raffles, Manders, I can't part with that ball. I want you both to autograph it, and I'm going to have it mounted and kept in our stuff clubroom here at the prison. But I'm sure I speak for my fellows when I say we'd like you each to have a little memento of today, a gift from us all here at the prison—bit of silver, dish or something, with a suitable inscription. And remember, you'll both always be very welcome, any time, here at the prison."

Raffles chuckled as we were driving back in the yellow-wheeled shooting-brake. The other brake was a little ahead of us, empty except for Henry and Cassie on the driving-seat.

"Well, Bunny," Raffles said, "no need to be over-modest about your cricket any more—I never saw a faster retrieve and throw-in. Sime and his mob wanted to get inside that prison, and you've certainly put them there."

"We," I said.

He nodded absently. The reins in his brown, strong hands, he looked above the jogging ears of the horses at Henry and Cassie, in the brake ahead, on the lonely moorland road, under the blue sky. The tall crammer had an arm about Cassie's slender waist, and her pretty head was on his shoulder.

"You know, Bunny," Raffles said, "Sime bragged that the whole job had been handed to him on a silver dish. After what he did to Cassie, it's good to feel that it's you and me who get away with the dish." THE END

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A PROBLEM FOR PERCY THROWER

Margaret Lane's move upsets her shrubs

MARGARET LANE, the novelist, spends weekends in the large garden of her country house at Beaulieu in the New Forest. "Heathers, rhododendrons and unwelcome brambles flourish there, but my favourite camellias and magnolias have languished or died since I moved them south from a garden I owned in Wales. Yet they are well sited in suitable soil; what has gone wrong?"

Percy Thrower says:

Many gardeners underestimate the damage that can be caused to sizeable or large shrubs on transplanting. A magnolia with roots slightly damaged, though it may live on its sap for two years, may be under sentence of death.

When transplanting any variety of flowering shrub observe these rules: first dig a trench two feet deep fifteen inches from the stem; thoroughly soak the ball of soil covering the roots, then lift the shrub carefully with soil and roots intact; bind moist sacking or polythene round the roots to retain moisture and prevent damage in transit; replant, preferably the same day, treading down the soil round the stem and leaving a saucer-shaped impression to assist watering; finally cover the soil round the shrub with garden compost, peat or lawn mowings to help keep moisture in the soil.

My favourite flowering shrubs for small gardens are magnolia stellata (only five feet high; plant in a sheltered position); magnolia solangeana (particularly well suited to front gardens in towns); flowering crab (pink, red and crimson); double Japanese flowering cherries (white, cream, pink); laburnum (vossi is a good variety) and flowering almond.

NAMES—1

Why is it so easy to forget names? Is it not because they have no natural connection with their bearers?

Walter de la Mare

GARDEN IN THE SKY

Top left: Tarvin inspects the fish in a woodland pool

Above: A hundred feet up, in one of the Tudor flower beds

Left: The third part of the garden—in Spanish style

by GEORGE BRUCE

Tulips and magnolias, oaks and elms . . . Jack Tarvin grows them all—up on the roof

WALKING to work across a waste plot of land, Jack Tarvin, head gardener of the roof-garden on Derry and Toms' store in Kensington, London, stopped to look at a tiny walnut plant growing among the rubble. He cut the seedling carefully from the soil with a pocket knife, carried it to work in a newspaper and planted it in a shady corner of his garden on the roof.

A week previously a visitor had challenged Tarvin to grow a fruit-bearing walnut tree in the garden. Tarvin doubted whether he could do it. But he accepted the challenge, then forgot about it until he saw the seedling on the waste plot.

In spite of the problems of growing trees in the thin layer of soil, he nursed the plant into a sapling and, in time, into a tree seven feet high. Two years ago, when the tree was eight years old, it bore fruit—two walnuts.

Tarvin's roof-garden, a hundred feet above Kensington

High Street, covers one and a quarter acres on top of the store. The soil is nowhere more than eighteen inches deep, yet more than 150 different species of tree grow there, including date palms, the Indian bean tree, the Australian liquid amber tree, limes, willows, silver birch, magnolia, beech, oak, sycamore, Scotch pine, acacia and the weeping Cornish elm.

Tarvin also successfully grows peach, medlar, mulberry, fig and apple trees, two hundred different species of flowering shrub and 30,000 plants. Shoals of fish swim in the roof-garden's streams, and ducks waddle on the lawns.

Since the roof-garden opened in 1938, more than two million people have visited it.

Visitors step straight from the lift into an array of trees and flowers which looks like the exquisite garden of an old country house. Their initial reactions are sometimes odd. One couple stood in silence for a minute, then asked Tarvin if the soil depth extended right through the floor below.

A young woman thought that the tree roots were conducted a hundred feet through pipes to the ground. A schoolboy told his sister than a helicopter had lifted soil, plants and trees to the roof.

Patiently Tarvin explains to the incredulous that every tree, shrub and plant grows there naturally.

The roof-garden is open to the public from May to September. Visitors pay a shilling entrance fee towards a hospital charities fund, from which sixteen hospitals in and around London have shared more than £100,000 since 1938.

DURING the first of several visits to the garden, the late Queen Mary was surprised to find that there are really three gardens in one: the woodland garden, with the wild look of a forest glade; the Spanish, copied from a garden in Seville, and the Tudor, with weathered bricks and cloisters like an old monastery. Other notable visitors have been Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, King Haakon of Norway, the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Kent and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

Tarvin has seen visitors become so interested in their surroundings that they have forgotten to look where they were going.

One woman fell into one of the streams while admiring the fish. Brushing the weed from her saturated summer frock, she apologized to Tarvin for the disturbance she had caused. While admiring a mulberry tree another woman tripped over the slightly projecting edge of a flagstone. She thanked Tarvin for helping her to her feet, but later claimed new stockings and a skirt from the store, alleging negligence by the gardener.

Mishaps of this kind stopped when Tarvin had the edges of all the steps whitewashed and the flagstones, which had been forced up by tree roots, carefully levelled.

Water for the roof-garden's fountains, streams and flowers is pumped up from artesian wells four hundred feet below an adjacent store. Then it is mechanically circulated in the streams and filtered to keep it clear.

Among the fish are tench, golden and black carp, silver, golden and red rudd, and golden orfe, one of which grew to more than twenty inches. Three years ago many of the larger fish disappeared and Tarvin found the tracks of a heron in the snow. Next morning, when the heron flapped down on to one of the streams, Tarvin was waiting with a net to catch it. But the wary bird spotted him as he rushed forward and it flew off—with a fish in its beak. It never returned.

A friend once gave Tarvin a few gudgeon for one of the streams. Two years later the only fish in that stream were gudgeon. They had eaten all the spawn and the small fry of the other fish.

"I had to spend a whole week netting them so that I could restock the stream with more sociable fish," Tarvin recalled later.

Last summer he found two small boys catching large golden carp in a pool and transferring them to a shallow stream kept for smaller fish. The carp were flapping about and would soon have died, but by quickly netting them and replacing them in deep water, Tarvin saved them.

Tarvin's chief problem in his roof-garden is keeping the soil well watered and well nourished. The structure of the roof-garden makes this difficult. The soil is laid upon a fifteen-inch drainage bed of bricks and clinker. Below this the sloping roof is strengthened to support a load of one hundredweight per square foot.

As in any normal garden the atmosphere dries the surface of the soil. But the heat from the store roof dries it from beneath, too. So although the soil may be damp on top plants will often wilt because it is too dry underneath.

Tarvin needs to water it three times as much as his garden at home, and this leaches the nourishment from the soil.

Visitors laughed at him once when he turned the hoses full on while it was raining. "They thought I was crazy," he says. "They didn't know that six inches down the soil was as dry as dust."

Sometimes part of the drainage bed solidifies and the soil becomes waterlogged, endangering nearby trees and plants. One summer Tarvin noticed that the foliage of a group of seven-foot-high yew trees beside the fountains in the Spanish garden was turning yellow and falling. Seeking the cause, he dug holes near the roots of the dying trees and also near the roots of a group of healthy yew trees. The ones which were dying had about five inches of water beneath their roots, the healthy ones barely an inch.

"I laid drainage pipes to carry away the water," he says. "The yews quickly recovered."

Soil impoverishment due to heavy watering is one of Tarvin's main problems. "You can't just turn up fresh soil as in your own garden," he says. He feeds the soil with fertilizers which act quickly, before the water carries them away. And he freshens it every year with about three tons of new soil brought up in the service lift, removing the old soil in sacks. A suspicious visitor, noticing Tarvin and an assistant carrying away a sack of soil, threatened to inform the management. "I had to put the sack down and explain the whole system to him before he would let us pass," Tarvin says.

Despite his care for the soil Tarvin still has setbacks. Hundreds of tulips that he planted in one flower bed just withered away. "I had not used enough fertilizer and the soil had become tulip-tired," he says. "The following year I used twice as much fertilizer and planted five hundred yellow wallflowers, five hundred scarlet tulips and three hundred forget-me-nots and polyanthus in one bed. They bloomed perfectly. People crowded round to admire them."

Outwardly a calm, unruffled man, Tarvin confesses that he dreads things going wrong in the presence of important visitors. When the garden first opened, many dignitaries in London went to admire the fine roses which bloomed during April and May. Several of these visitors were so impressed that they said that they would send their friends along. Then, suddenly, the roses dried up and died. Tarvin realized that the heat of the roof in the warmer month of June had killed them. "I had some embarrassing moments getting people to believe that," he says.

Tarvin plans his planting programme six months ahead, giving a great deal of thought to colour schemes, which can make or mar the look of a roof-garden. One year he planted black tulips beside the dark brown bricks of the Tudor garden. "The result looked so mournful that visitors turned away from it," he recalls. "I made up my mind never to make that mistake again. I now spend hours imagining the colour effects before I decide upon a planting scheme. When I put black tulips in front of the white walls of the Spanish garden, visitors were delighted."

FROM the heat of the roof below the soil Tarvin determines the best position and the amount of water required for plants and flowers. He teaches his assistants to saturate the soil where the heat is great and to spare the cooler places. Once Tarvin tried to make a chart to indicate the varying belts of heat for two new assistants. He took a tape measure and a large sheet of paper and started to measure the garden.

"I gave it up after a fortnight," he says. "When I had drawn in only a quarter of the hot and cold places the chart looked like a map of the Hampton Court maze."

The largest and strongest tree in the roof-garden is a thirty-two foot poplar with an eighteen-inch trunk. The oldest is a yew of a hundred years, transplanted from a country garden. Tarvin found that the trees in the roof-garden wilted when he followed the accepted technique of pruning their roots to stop branch growth. "One day I thought of reversing the technique—not to prune the roots but to encourage them with fertilizer while pruning the top branches instead. The idea worked. The trees have flourished since because the roots haven't so much wood to maintain."

Tarvin's chief enemies in the roof-garden are insects, which are attracted by the warmth. Swarms of light-brown, two-inch-long caterpillars appeared one year. At night they ate the green foliage, and in the daytime they vanished. After a search Tarvin and his assistants found them hanging in large clusters on a lime tree. The three men lopped the branches down and burned them in an incinerator, but next day a different variety of caterpillar appeared on the willow trees. These newcomers had to be picked off the trees by hand, one by one.

SOME people visit the roof-garden regularly year after year. A clergyman used to go there to write his sermons. A middle-aged woman, who had never spoken to Tarvin during regular visits over seven years, approached him once and said she thought that she ought to tell him that she was going on holiday—in case he wondered what had happened to her.

Every Saturday an elderly married couple sit in the Spanish garden. "We used to visit the country," they told Tarvin, "but now we find that it's quieter here. There are no traffic noises, exhaust fumes or barking dogs."

Tarvin often sees people sketching the layout of the roof-garden. He never objects, but recently a man closed his sketchbook and walked quickly away as Tarvin approached. "I recognized him as a director of a firm of landscape gardeners."

An expert landscape gardener himself, Tarvin is sometimes asked for advice. The roof-garden of London's Dorchester Hotel was not very successful some time ago. Asked to help, Tarvin investigated and found that the soil was waterlogged. "That was easily put right," he says.

Tarvin was born at Sydenham, London, sixty-seven years ago, and started work as a gardener when he was fourteen. He has spent hardly a day of his working life without earth on his hands. When his day's work in the roof-garden is over he goes home to his hobby—cultivating his own garden in Coulsdon, Surrey, where he lives with his wife Kate. For years he was a champion sweet-pea grower. "I used to rely on the prize money to pay for my holidays," he says.

He started as head gardener on the roof-garden in 1941. During the war two high-explosive bombs fell there. The first, a one-thousand pounder, failed to explode. The second, a 250-pounder, fell during the night and blew up half the Spanish garden. "Many incendiary bombs fell here, too," says Tarvin, "but so many of them landed in the streams that we began to think that the German pilots were keen gardeners."

Winter in the roof-garden is Tarvin's busiest time. He removes creepers from the walls, prunes them, washes them with insecticide and ties them back in position. He prunes the top branches of the trees, puts the fish in tanks and drains and cleans the streams. In the greenhouses he sows thousands of seeds and takes cuttings for planting the following summer.

Before he retires Tarvin has one ambition to fulfil—to grow a mountain ash tree in the roof-garden. "I've tried three times and each time I've failed," he says. "It's a matter of finding the right place for it—and I'm going to find it." THE END

Heaven

What will be Heaven—who knows? But I should say
  This would be Heaven: to be always May.
No April, too new born and coldly curled,
  Nor lusty June, flamboyantly unfurled,
But May, sweet May, pendant and unaware,
  Waking to cloudless skies and crystal air,
Stretching such tender green to touch the gold,
  Too bravely young to dream of growing old;
Seeing no rust or dust upon the spray
  But clean and sweet perfection all the way;
Watching the sunlight play among the trees,
  Knowing the comfort of a soft warm breeze;
Only to count the daisies in the grass
  And trace the pattern of the birds that pass
Winging and singing in the now and here,
  Untouched by memory, remorse or fear;
Moving for ever in a new dimension
  Of light and colour outside comprehension—
This would be Heaven—to awake one day
  To find it nothing more, or less, than May!

MARJORIE EVANS

Making models has become big business. In homes, schools and offices they're built by the million—by boys of all ages

by JOHN DELL

It's the latest craze . . .

Marvels from bits and pieces

THE assumption that every man is a frustrated engineer has lately given birth to one of Britain's newest industries: the making of plastic model kits. Scores of thousands are bought every week, assembled lovingly and then, often as not, displayed on their makers' mantelpieces.

One man who already has four hundred models has a standing order at a London shop for every new kit. Another shop regularly sends models to a lighthouse keeper on the Welsh coast, a retired clergyman in Scotland and a gunner serving in Singapore.

Often working with tweezers and tiny paint brushes, adults go to great lengths to copy ships, aeroplanes and veteran cars, and one director of a City firm keeps model kits in his desk drawer so that he can work on them in his lunchtime.

The craze started six years ago. Today eight firms produce about 38,000,000 kits a year, ranging from a 2s. twelve-part kit of a small aeroplane to a 365-part model of a Mississippi river steamboat which will soon be on the market at £3' 10s. An American firm which specializes in expensive productions sold a million kits in its first year of operation in Britain.

All models are drawn to scale from plans of the real thing and craftsmen then spend several weeks making steel moulds of the parts. Once a model is in production, high-speed plastic-injection machines turn out as many as four complete kits a minute. Customers constantly demand new models and manufacturers often have a hard job to supply them.

Ralph Ehrmann, who heads a London firm of plastic kit manufacturers, was driving through the West End early last winter when, in the rush of traffic, he noticed a bright yellow vintage van ahead of him. Puzzled by its appearance, Ehrmann accelerated until he was right behind the vehicle, a unique 1907 Renault delivery van. Overtaking, he called to the driver: "I make plastic model kits. I think your van is wonderful. Could you possibly come to our factory in South London?"

The driver cheerfully agreed and followed Ehrmann several miles to the factory yard. There, designers and draughtsmen set to work with pencils and paper and cameras, and soon the van had been measured and pictured from all angles. The model, scaled down to one thirty-secondth of the van's size, will soon be on sale throughout Britain.

"The driver was highly amused by our enthusiasm," says Ehrmann, "but we know from experience that people will enjoy putting together his high-wheeled, improbable-looking vehicle."

Five years ago Ehrmann's firm marketed its first product, a 2s. model of the Golden Hind. In the first twelve months it sold ten times as many replicas of the famous ship as had been anticipated and all over Britain people were working on kitchen tables and living-room floors to put the model together.

Customers insist on having complete accuracy. When one firm marketed a model kit of a 1911 Rolls-Royce car, an enthusiast wrote to complain that they had put the wrong number of spokes in the car's rear wheels. Another customer protested that an Iron Cross on a 1916 German aircraft was the wrong shape.

This need for accuracy raises problems. When a shipping line asked a firm to make a model of a new liner, its officials insisted that the model had to float. The draughtsman spent weeks carefully scaling down the hull of the ship. The day the real liner sailed on her maiden voyage he put his model in a tank of water. It promptly turned turtle and sank.

He says: "I looked anxiously at the papers to make sure that the real liner was afloat and then realized why their ship floated and mine did not: I had forgotten about the weight of machinery inside the slim hull. I had to put in a small steel bar to balance it."

IT is the belief of manufacturers that once a man has bought a kit the fever will grip him. Gradually he goes from an easy twelve- or fifteen-part model which might take an hour to assemble to a model of a liner or a sailing clipper which takes days to complete. Some firms concentrate on making ambitious replicas of ships, cars and planes with many intricate parts, and one spent eighteen months copying an aircraft carrier; others believe in making a great variety of small kits which they can sell by the million.

The sales manager of one American firm says: "In the United States we sell thirty-five million kits a year to boys. In Britain, fifty per cent of our customers are adults and they prefer merchant ships and cars to warlike models." Like most manufacturers he believes that the demand for scale models of veteran cars is gradually giving way to one for modern ships and planes.

Customers are constantly suggesting models for new kits. One young London draughtsman who began spending too much money buying model kits recently solved the problem by going to work for the firm that made them. Now he spends long hours in museums, exhibitions and factories drawing the real thing.

Manufacturers believe that their business relies on some latent, unsatisfied desire on the part of customers to put intricate pieces of machinery together. One says: "Most adult men would love to take their car to pieces, but because of the risk and expense they daren't."

Another believes that the long and delicate labour of putting together hundreds of tiny parts takes a man's mind away from business and gives a new interest to boys.

The managing director of one firm recalls the case of a man who thanked him for helping to bring his son closer to him. He said: "My son and I had been growing apart. One day he bought a model kit and could not put it together. Hesitantly he asked me to help. I sat down at the kitchen table and we began to talk. We have been great friends ever since." THE END

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What can we do about your headache?

Continued from page 14

the cause of tension has disappeared. In a way, they are a relaxation headache — the Sunday headache of the business man, the Monday headache of the parson, the headache which starts on a nurse's day off and the post-examination headache of the student.

Some sort of tablet usually relieves a tension headache. In fact, these sufferers are very suggestible and sometimes any tablet will do, if they believe in it. The tense woman always carries her favoured remedy in her handbag and swallows two tablets with her morning coffee.

Relieving the tension headache is not very difficult, but preventing it is much harder. Although the doctor may have found no organic disease, the victims are unwilling to believe him and are always searching for an organic cause for their pain. They pay a round of visits to the eye specialist, the nose and throat specialist, the neurologist, the dentist, the psychiatrist and the osteopath—nearly always, if they are assured of a cure, with prompt relief. Alas, the headache returns when the confidence wears off.

Their friends, fed up with everlasting complaints, often accuse the victim of shamming. This is unfair. There is nothing imaginary about the pain of a tension headache.

In some cases the tension can be relaxed by use of the new tranquillizing drugs, but drug-taking is not a permanent solution. The only real answer is for the victim to learn to live without excessive tension, to solve his domestic problems, understand his children and get along with his in-laws and his fellow workers. One patient was cured when he brought himself to admit that he would never set the world on fire but could be a perfectly satisfactory citizen and a good husband and father if he was content with that. Another was cured by the rather drastic remedy of a heart attack.

"It wasn't having the attack, or surviving it, that cured my headaches," he said later. "But afterwards, when I learned to relax and live an easier life to spare my heart, I found that my headaches had disappeared."

Similar factors may set off attacks of the other common variety of headache, migraine. But migraine is a more serious problem. It really is disabling. It is an ancient terror. The Babylonians, five thousand years ago, attributed it to the activities of a demon named Tsihatho.

Migraine attacks are nearly always preceded by a warning of some sort. The sufferer may feel depressed and shivery, or may feel uncommonly well and on top of the world. Then comes a feeling of dizziness or nausea—and in most cases some disturbance of vision. Perhaps half the view disappears in a grey cloud. Perhaps coloured lights or zigzags flash in front of the eyes. The actual headache is usually limited to one side of the head, but is very intense and may last for hours.

Migraine afflicts five women to every two men and often runs in families. It is unheard of in childhood and rare in old age. It has been blamed on allergy, smoking, alcohol, vitamin deficiencies, hormone troubles, bad posture and eye strain. But the actual mechanism of a migraine attack has been worked out scientifically and is fairly clear.

It starts with a constriction of the arteries supplying the part of the brain connected with vision. This accounts for the preliminary disturbances of sight. The constriction goes off and is followed by a dilation of the carotid artery with a rush of blood which distends the blood vessels inside the skull. It is this stretching which brings on the pain, a pain too intense to be relieved by any suggestive dummy pill, or even by aspirin compounds.

THE quickest relief is obtained by using a drug which is not strictly a pain killer at all, but which controls painfully distended arteries... This drug, ergotamine, is extracted from ergot, a parasitic fungus that attacks rye and other cereals.

Ergot derivatives are used in obstetrics because they have the power of contracting the muscle of the womb and stopping haemorrhage. They also contract blood vessels and so reljeve migraine.

But although it can stop the pain and, if given at the outset of an attack, ward it off, it cannot prevent the attacks recurring.

As with tension headache, the migraine sufferer has to overhaul his way of life. He must try to be long-suffering, put up with the foibles of other people, realize that he cannot please all the people all the time. He must not be a slave to the clock, or a taker-home of unfinished work. The perfectionist has migraine, and in this world it is too difficult to achieve perfection. He must not feel guilty because he sometimes fails, sometimes makes mistakes, and, above all, must learn to laugh at himself occasionally.

One man I knew who suffered from the most intense attacks had a feeling of guilt and inferiority because his wife had no baby. The fault, he was sure, was his, and it seemed that nothing would convince him otherwise.

Fortunately, his wife was a wise woman and she arranged to be medically examined herself. The sterility was on her side, but luckily it was curable and she had a baby. The child is now ten years old—and his father has not had a headache since the boy was born.

THE END

"Has Henry shown you his new fountain pen, dear?"

Latin Lesson

by NORMAN KATKOV

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

All that you are about to hear came to pass in the village of Atalco in the state of Tlaxcala. Bear in mind, if you please, that the capital of Tlaxcala is the city of that name. It is necessary for what follows, just as you should know that the events took place more than a quarter of a century ago, when Mexico was awakening to the needs of its people.

Since no need came before education, there was established a school called *La Casa del Pueblo*, The House of the People. Naturally, a *casa* needed a teacher, and nowhere, you may believe me, was a teacher needed more frequently than in Atalco.

For in Atalco there flourished the régime of the barber, Julio Mora, the village's single citizen able to read or write. While Mora's education, gathered during the few months he had been apprenticed to a barber in Tlaxcala two decades earlier, was rudimentary, it was enough to assure him absolute power as long as he remained the only man in Atalco who had even that much learning. It was enough to enable him to do battle with the teachers who came to Atalco, for they were young, and only newly removed from the life of the barefoot peon.

It follows then that teachers came and went in Atalco like those buses there at the hotel entrance. First, a teacher arrived. Second, Julio Mora attended one of his classes. Thirdly, the teacher left, since, as the barber would tell the fathers of Atalco over *tequila*: "The man does not know his Latin." Fathers told mothers, and mothers kept their children home, for Julio Mora was not required to elaborate.

If there was a single subject under the sun which the barber favoured over all others, it was Latin. More often than not, Julio Mora greeted his townsmen in the ancient Roman tongue, although they could reply only by smiling.

In this time of which I speak, Julio Mora had caused the flight of teacher Carlos Moreno, the latest victim of his absolute rule. Once again the adobe *casa* was deserted, shadowed and shuttered. Once again the adobe home built by a grateful republic for the teacher gathered dust. The parents of Atalco waited patiently, as they had on eleven previous occasions, for the next to appear on the Monday bus from Tlaxcala.

No mother in that lonely village waited more patiently than Maria Teresa Gonzalez waited miles away in Tlaxcala. She, who had been married for almost eight months to Ramón Gonzalez, Teacher of the Republic, waited for

Eleven brave men had fallen victim to the demon barber of Atalco. So what chance was there for one pretty woman?

Ramón dropped to his knees. "Why did you not tell me before that there will soon be three of us?" he asked

her husband's word. She had waited since that morning, almost two weeks ago, when teacher Moreno had appeared in Tlaxcala, shattered by his encounter with the barber of Atalco.

At that time there were more teachers than schools. It should have followed, should it not, that a wild race to succeed teacher Moreno would have greeted his arrival? We reckon without Julio Mora. So familiar had his reputation become that not a single teacher volunteered for the post.

Even Ramón Gonzalez, wearing his first suit, had heard of Julio Mora. "That is not for me," he had decided. "I do not teach under tyrants." He inveighed against the barber, pacing the floor of the tiny room allotted them by the republic, while Maria Teresa lit the brazier for their meal of beans, and felt the day's first stitch beneath her heart.

They had not spoken of it again. Maria Teresa Gonzalez waited patiently, while Ramón went daily to the Ministry of Education for word of a new *casa* in the state.

She was brushing his shoes on a Sunday night when she felt the first faint, almost imperceptible flutter inside her. For a moment she did not breathe. She did not move. Then, gently, hesitantly, like the spring's first raindrops touching the skin, she felt it again, and she was certain.

"There's a teacher's home in Atalco," she said. "It has three rooms."

Ramón bounded to his feet. "Maria Teresa," he said, "I do not wish to hear Atalco again."

"Nor three rooms?" she said softly.

"Nor three rooms," he said. "Why do you carry on so about three rooms, woman? There are but two of us."

"There will be three."

"There will be three," he repeated. "When there will be three, then perhaps—" He peered at his wife. "Will there be three?" he asked.

"*Si.*"

"Soon?"

"*Si*," she said. "Soon."

Ramón Gonzalez came forward. He stood before Maria and, without warning, dropped to his knees. He put out his hands and held her hand. "Why did you not tell me that there will soon be three of us?" he asked.

"You had the examinations to worry over," she explained. "The examinations, and now this waiting here. There was no need to burden you."

"And now?" he asked. "Now there is need?"

"*Si.*"

"Then we are for Atalco on the first bus."

"That is tomorrow, Ramón," she told him.

"Tomorrow." He led her to the pallet. "Now you must rest."

• • •

The following day was the happiest of Maria's marriage. She was happy waiting in the corridor of the Ministry of Education while Ramón signed for Atalco, receiving a travel voucher and a month's salary: She was happy waiting with her husband to board the bus which would carry them across Tlaxcala. She was happy all through the torturously long, achingly hot journey that brought them, in the sunlight's last moments, to the shadowed village where the entire population of Atalco waited for the weekly high point: the bus from Tlaxcala.

The driver alighted first, carrying goods for the emporium of Tula Alvarez. He delivered his packages while Ramón Gonzalez followed him out of the bus and Maria Teresa followed her husband.

The driver announced them. "I've brought you another teacher, citizens. This one has a wife. Here is—what's your name, son?"

"Ramón Gonzalez."

Hector Flores, the carpenter who was then *presidente municipal*, came forward to introduce himself and welcome them to Atalco.

"Neither my wife nor I have any doubt of the pleasure awaiting us," Ramón said. He raised his voice. "Of all the posts throughout the state of Tlaxcala, I have chosen Atalco."

On their first morning in Atalco, Ramón gathered his books and rolled map of the world. Maria held the door as he crossed the dusty expanse to his *casa*. She watched him disappear into the *casa* and emerge in a moment with the hand bell to summon his students.

Then she closed the door. She heard the bell, but would not look to count the pupils. She listened to the bell as she made their bed. She drew water from the well behind their home—"ours," she said aloud—but kept her back to *La Casa del Pueblo*.

Later, she put her arm through her market basket and went down the hill. All the way back up again she promised herself she would not look into the school. She was able to resist it when she passed the *casa* by thinking only of

NAMES—2

What's in a name? as the white blackbird said when he sat on a wooden milestone eating a red blackberry.

H. G. Hutchinson

dinner: sardines in vinegar, cold asparagus, *enchiladas*, and the tortillas she would make from the corn she had purchased.

She worked quickly. By the time the street door opened and she heard Ramón crossing the large room, their dinner was nearly prepared.

"Is my beloved hungry?" she called out.

"M'm'm'm'm'm."

"Could he eat soon?" she asked.

"Yes," Ramón said.

He removed his jacket, dropping it over a chair. As he started to sit down, Maria Teresa rushed toward him.

"Not against your jacket, Ramón," she said, snatching it away as he sat in the chair. "This must be kept smart for teaching."

"I will not be teaching long," he said. "Not in Atalco."

"Please don't say that," she pleaded.

"All right," he said. "I will not say it. It will remain a secret between me and those three students who appeared at school today. When we are on the bus for Tlaxcala next Monday, you may pass the time wondering what we are doing aboard that vehicle." He paced the small kitchen like a prisoner in his cell. "But why is it? If I knew why."

"You know why, Ramón."

"The barber?" he demanded. "The haircutter?"

"Ramón, listen to me. Put on this jacket. Arrange yourself. You need a haircut badly."

"Never!" he declared.

"Don't you understand?" she asked. "The parents of Atalco are waiting for the barber to decide."

"I understand a meddling wife," he said, taking his jacket as he left the kitchen.

He returned only when Maria Teresa announced dinner, and ate with his head down until she said: "Three students today will become thirty by morning. Three is a good beginning. A *casa* can grow from three, my beloved." She kissed him.

"You—" he said. "You are a—what are you?"

"A woman in love. A woman who carries your child."

The next morning they laughed at breakfast. They were almost breathlessly cheerful. When Ramón left the house, she stood in the doorway until he entered the school building. *They will all come*, she said to herself, hurrying into the kitchen. *He is a good man, and they will all come to learn from him. . . .*

She was in the kitchen when she heard the door open.

"Two," Ramón said. "Two came," he said, as Maria Teresa watched him, his shoulders slumped, his eyes defeated. He gestured behind him. "But then came their fathers, full of *tequila* and ignorance in equal parts. And my *casa* is empty. And there is another victory for the barber of Atalco."

She came to him. "Please do not be angry," she said.

"Angry?" he asked. "Angry? At what?"

"At what I am about to say."

His eyes flashed. "Mora? You want me to see him, eh?"

"No. Not Mora. Hector Flores, the *presidente*. Atalco is his responsibility. Then let him accept his responsibility for this village."

"Beauty," said Ramón. "My combative beauty. I have just come from the home of Hector Flores, the coward of Atalco."

She was stunned. "Why, Ramón? What did he say?"

"He stuttered," Ramón said. "He scratched his ear. He rubbed his shining bald pate. He insisted he was a servant of the people and the mirror of their desires."

"Let us find out if he is right," Maria Teresa decided.

"Find out?" Ramón said. "I have found out. There are no secrets in Atalco."

"How do you know the people don't want you?" Maria Teresa asked. "Who told you? Who told Hector Flores? Who told those two citizens who came for their children? Julio Mora!"

"Of course it's Mora," Ramón said wildly, "but if he has convinced the people——"

"But those other teachers—those who preceded you," she broke in. "What did Atalco know of them? It knew what the barber told them. With the *casa* empty, the teacher left." She nodded. "Perhaps we shall leave Atalco." Her voice broke for an instant. "But let the village send us, Ramón. Let them tell you."

"Tell me? Tell me what?"

"That you are an incompetent. That you cannot teach their children. That they do not want you for their *maestro*."

"Maria Teresa, this time you are really crazy."

Now it was she who did not hear. "Summon them, Ramón. Men and women and children." She had his hands in hers. "Let them judge you themselves, Ramón, but let them see. Let them watch your mathematics and listen to your geography and witness your handwriting."

She saw the weariness leave his shoulders and the defeat leave his eyes. "I shall summon Atalco," he promised, "while you, my beauty, dress yourself in your finest. My mother's lace and your mother's mantilla. If they are to judge, then let them judge my wife as well."

"How will you . . . ?" she began, but he ran out of the house, and in a moment she heard the bell.

Going to the open door of their house, she saw him. His sleeves were rolled high. As the bell rose and fell, its sound ringing through the village, he began his descent into the street below.

Maria Teresa watched the villagers emerge; she watched the *cantina* emptying of patrons. She saw, quite clearly, two men leave the barber-shop of Julio Mora.

Then she went into the bedroom. There she dressed as carefully as on her wedding day. She draped the mantilla over her head and across her shoulders. She pinched her cheeks and bit her lips for colour. Then she came out of her house as though a trumpet had announced her. She crossed the road and entered the *casa*, where Ramón saw her immediately. He

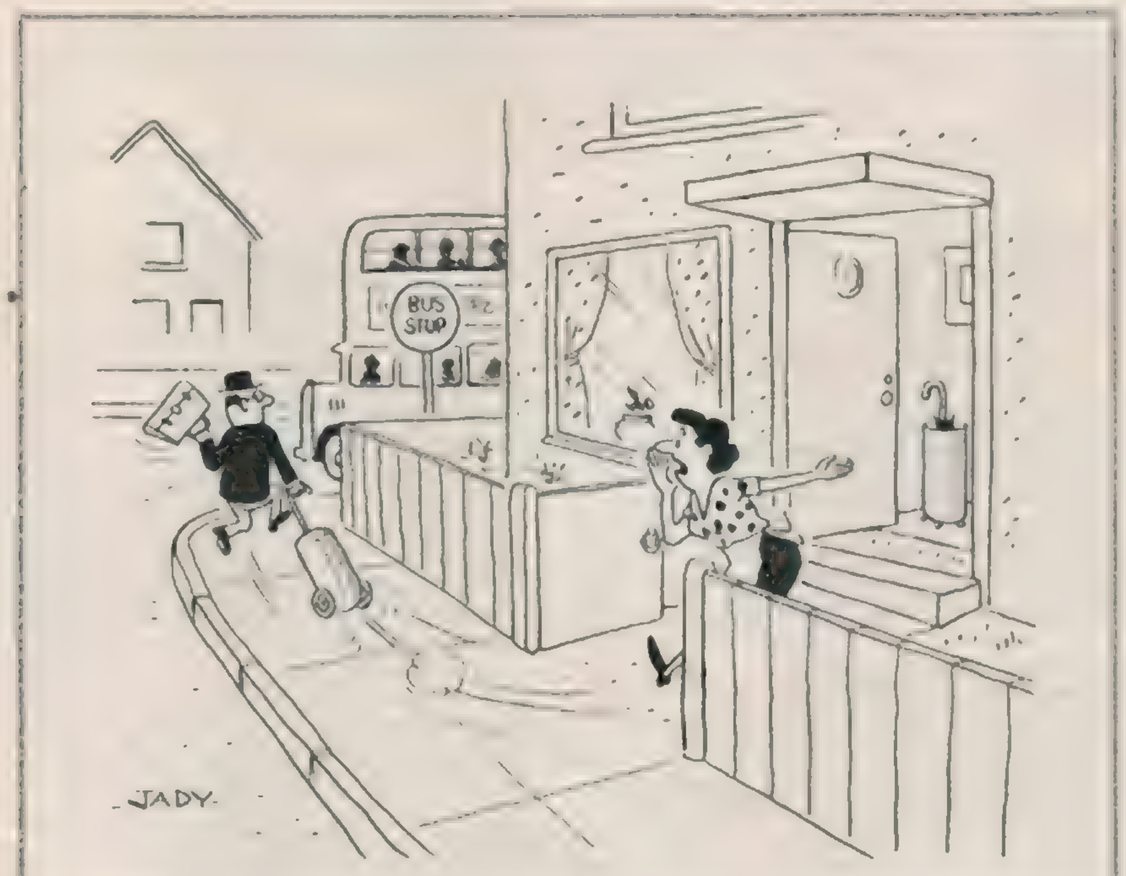
CHALLENGE THE FAMOUS

LIONEL HALE

(B.B.C. quizmaster) was asked six questions on THE CALENDAR. Pit your wits against his and try to beat his points score

(Answers on page 28)

1	How did April 1 become associated with fooling?	I think it has Biblical origins. I believe that one April 1, somebody was sent to Pilate or Herod on a fool's errand.
2	Everyone knows what G.M.T. means, but what is meant by "Mean Time"?	The length of the day, if measured by the sun, would vary. To keep the day the same in length throughout the year an average or "mean" time is substituted.
3	Why does Easter Day fall on a different date each year?	Easter Day is the first Sunday after either a new moon or a full moon —I'm not quite sure which. As there are thirteen lunar months in a year, Easter Day falls on a different date each year.
4	What are the four English quarter-days?	I think March 21, June 21, September 21 and December 21. I'm not sure of the names of the days.
5	Some months have thirty days and some thirty-one, with no apparent order or sequence. How did this come about?	The months once had thirty days and thirty-one days alternately throughout the year. February had twenty-nine normally but thirty in leap year. I believe Augustus added an extra day to his month, August, giving it thirty-one days and then changed the rest of the calendar by making September have thirty days instead of thirty-one and so on until December. I think he must have stolen his extra day from February.
6	When was British Summer Time first introduced?	I believe it was during the first World War. I'd say it was 1915.



hurried forward to escort her to the platform, leading her to the chair beside the table, where she saw Julio Mora in the first desk.

When he had made her comfortable, Ramón said to the populace of Atalco: "You know already why you are here. What I have to say will be brief. I have come to Atalco to teach your children. I want to teach your children. Mexico has trained me for this destiny.

"You—all of you—can send me away. You have sent others away. You may do this for two causes. First, that you simply do not like me. Neither me nor my wife. Second, that I am not qualified.

"As to the first; since you do not know me, how can you dislike me? As to the second; since you do not know if I am qualified, how can you decide? I will tell you. You can decide here and now by the demonstration you are about to witness."

He walked to the blackboard, where he began to write while he spoke. He went slowly. He repeated his demonstrations. He used symbols that they could not fail to understand: beans and jugs for the women; bottles of *tequila* and donkeys for the men.

When he had concluded, when Ramón turned away from the blackboard to the smiles and nodding approval of the adults, the enthusiastic cries of the children, Maria Teresa saw Julio Mora cross and recross his legs in utter boredom, turning on the bench to shrug at his neighbour.

The gesture muffled the noise in the building as completely as a command for silence.

Maria Teresa rose quickly. She went to the blackboard and began to erase the numerals Ramón had inscribed. She worked swiftly. When the blackboard was bare, she reached for the map standing upright in the corner. Then she brought him the pointer so that he might illustrate his knowledge of geography.

Once again he was at his best: careful to begin with Mexico, to continue with Central and South America, to proceed to North America. He spoke slowly, familiarly, using Atalco always as the starting point.

In the midst of his discussion, Julio Mora rose and turned to leave. Ramón did not hesitate. Watching the barber, he said clearly and in Latin: "What follows is mainly for your pleasure, my good sir."

Maria Teresa looked at the people of Atalco. "Latin," she said.

"Since this is a struggle between you and me," Ramón continued in Latin, "let me lose like a man. Hear me out, since you are indeed the repository of my fate. Perhaps I shall even learn what particular conceit drives you to keep your village in ignorance."

While Maria Teresa looked on proudly, Julio Mora turned to smirk at the people of Atalco. He did not answer Ramón, who said, still in Latin: "What kind of teacher do you want here? Tell me, if you please. And tell me what you expect of a man's Latin? I am not in the first rank of Latin students, but I know my grammar. Try me and satisfy yourself."

The barber nodded knowingly, still smiling, and Maria Teresa saw something in his eyes that she could not believe. It was impossible to believe.

"Ask what you will, sir," Ramón said in Latin. "Do you want vocabulary? Do you desire recitation in the poetry of Latin?"

As the barber sneered, Maria Teresa knew she must believe what she saw before her. Coming to her husband, she whispered: "He cannot tell you. Watch him, Ramón, and you will see. Oh, Ramón, he cannot."

RAMÓN stared at his wife. He turned to Julio Mora, watching the barber in the aisle. And, as he ignored the barber, as he stepped forward to test the strength of the monarch of Atalco before his own people, Maria Teresa took her husband's arm.

She held her husband's arm, smiling at the villagers, smiling at Julio Mora while she whispered: "No, Ramón, no. Be his friend. Talk simply to him, I beg of you, and he is yours."

She would not release her husband. She held him until she felt him relax, until she saw him smile down at Julio Mora.

Then, speaking very slowly, enunciating clearly, Ramón Gonzalez addressed the barber in Latin. "Are you well?" he asked.

"I am well," smiled the barber, answering in Latin.

"Then be my friend," Ramón said.

Maria Teresa walked to the other end of the platform. She moved her mantilla back on her shoulders, and she said, in Spanish: "Certainly it is not a woman's place to speak out, but since these two learned men of Atalco are occupied with their Latin, perhaps there are questions about your teacher, Gonzalez, which I can answer." She bowed her head to Julio Mora and she said: "With your permission."

The barber came forward, dropping the Latin as though it were a hot coal. "You have more than my permission," he said in Spanish, leaping to the platform and standing before them. "You have my endorsement."

"Citizens of Atalco," he went on, extending both arms towards Ramón, "behold your teacher, *Maestro* Gonzalez," and then led the clapping.

The building erupted in sound. Women clapped their hands, men cheered, children yowled, and Julio Mora leaned over to whisper: "Perhaps you will find time now and then for a private lesson in Latin, *Maestro*."

"At your leisure," Ramón promised.

"At yours, *Maestro*," Julio Mora insisted, grinning, before he crossed the platform and bowed low to kiss Maria Teresa's hand. THE END

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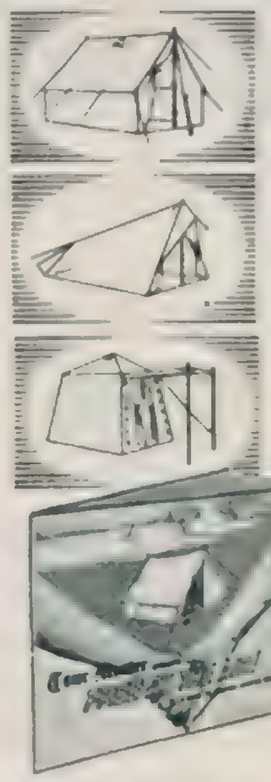

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MARTINI

A donkey in the family

Continued from page 15

making straight for the man's barn.

"How they ever managed to get across two lots of fences, push open the barn door and help themselves was beyond me," says Dinnage, "but it taught me a lesson. It's no use having an ordinary hedge with donkeys about. They eat their way through—and barbed wire doesn't bother them." Experience has shown him that stout chestnut fencing is the only deterrent.

Another time when the cherry-eating Jezebel was left in the Dinnages' garden for a few hours, she gnawed nylon stockings and underwear down from a line and ate the lot, carefully leaving the buttons behind. When a Surrey publican bought a donkey from Dinnage the two men visited the bar to seal the bargain. "After a while," Dinnage recalls, "I went around the pub to get something from my car and saw the donkey having the feed of its life in the publican's beautiful field of young carrots. I didn't have the heart to return to the bar."

Omnivorous creatures, donkeys will eat most things from ice cream through to thistles, cabbage, fruit and sugar. Dinnage knows of only one thing which is poison to them. "All donkeys will make a wide detour to avoid passing near a yew tree," he says.

NAMES—3

Giving a name is a poetic art; all poetry is but a giving of names.

Thomas Carlyle

The Dinnages now believe that there are about three thousand donkeys in Great Britain, most of them imports from Ireland. Nobody in Britain breeds them regularly, though the Dinnages have had about twenty births on their farm.

Mrs. Dinnage says: "Most people love donkeys, grown up ones, but if they could see a donkey foal, they would realize that it is one of the most graceful creatures alive, long-legged with a fluffy, downy coat and very large, mournful eyes."

Many popular sayings about donkeys have their roots in truth, though Dinnage has never been able to check on their alleged longevity, which gave rise to the expression "donkey's years." "They do live to a ripe old age," he says, "but there is no way of telling when they're old until their teeth begin to drop out. Then they just lie down and die because they can't graze any more. Nobody we know has yet kept a donkey from infancy to death."

The traffic from Ireland has now largely ceased, but Dinnage and his wife still travel up and down Britain buying donkeys threatened with slaughter. Often, in answer to a member's call, they get up in the middle of the night to save one from the slaughterhouse.

"In most cases," says Dinnage, "we find that even hardened people are quite willing to let us buy the animal; there is a superstition about killing donkeys which we believe has its roots in Christ's association with them." But he steadfastly refuses to let sentimentality result in overpaying. Since a dead donkey is worth about £10 to an unscrupulous animal butcher, he offers £15 for a live one.

Through the years Dinnage has discovered many of the peculiarities of donkeys. They are sometimes dangerous to dogs and will stalk them and stamp on them with their front feet. They rarely use their back kick in a fight, preferring to use their heads and their teeth.

He has found that they never thrive when left alone and that they are often good company for other animals. Heifers will easily make friends with a donkey, protect it, and purposely get in the way of anyone trying to remove it. It took three of Dinnage's men five hours to extricate a donkey from a field where heifers grazed; the donkey galloped around, hid among the cows and even lay down in the middle of them.

Most horses are badly afraid of donkeys though the latter are left quite undisturbed by the larger animals. Many riders, including Pat Smythe, know to their cost the result of a horse and donkey encounter. At a horse show some of Dinnage's donkeys were led into the ring just as Pat Smythe was leaving on Prince Hal. The horse reared, whinnied frenziedly and all but threw her.

A stout, humorous countryman with a liking for jokes, Dinnage lives with his wife and young daughter in a house which he built himself on top of a green Sussex hill. He has become the central figure of an amusing world of people and donkeys. Club meetings are colourful, conversation is racy among dignitaries known by such titles as Grand Ass and Little Ass, and few efforts are spared in the fight to find good homes and green pastures for some of Britain's best-loved animals.

But even Dinnage admits that not everyone loves a donkey, especially in the "donkey country" around his farm. One woman protested long and hard about the morning and evening braying in the fields around her and when the noise increased at the mating season she moved from her house.

"Yet on the whole," he says, "most people like donkeys, even if they have had rough experiences with them." One well-known horse expert who had broken many Arab stallions and other difficult horses, once offered to lead a donkey named Lone Barn Farouk from one farm to another. Says Dinnage: "We followed at a safe distance to see what would happen. Within two hundred yards Farouk had butted him into a ditch and sat on top of him."

Dinnage believes that few people can resist a donkey's stubborn yet winning manner. Not long ago a Sussex man bought a two-month-old donkey named Moses as a pet for his family. A few weeks later he wrote to the club: "My wife and children love Moses and he follows me around like a dog. But he can't stand my mother-in-law and bites her all the time. I am afraid we shall have to give him back to you."

Dinnage arranged for a horsebox and was just setting out the next morning when a telegram came saying: "Have disposed of mother-in-law. Will keep Moses."

THE END

CHALLENGE THE FAMOUS

In his answers to six questions on the calendar, on page 26, Lionel Hale scored four points. His answer to Question 1 was ingenious but wrong. The custom of fooling on April 1 is widely believed to have originated in France when New Year's Day was changed from March 25 to January 1. Previously, as the new year often fell in Holy Week, the celebrations were postponed until April 1, and when the date was changed people went on paying mock new year visits to their friends on April 1.

Hale's answer to Question 2 was correct. The variation is caused because the earth's orbit is elliptical, not circular. So was his answer to Question 3. Easter Sunday is the first Sunday following the full moon that falls on or after March 21.

But his answer to Question 4 was wildly wrong. The English quarter-days are Lady Day (March 25), Midsummer Day (June 24), Michaelmas Day (September 29) and Christmas Day (December 25). His answer to Question 5 was correct. Augustus wanted his month to be as long as Julius Caesar's month—July. He was nearly right over Question 6. The date was May 21, 1916.

"Hurry it up, old man! I've just heard that my house is on fire!"

Why they can't stand Rex Harrison

Continued from page 8

Party, recalls that when he gave an expensive press reception to help launch the play, Harrison was reluctant to attend. "Eventually he did come," says Sherek, "but he stayed in the corner with a couple of old friends and made no attempt to be chummy with the press."

In Hollywood, Harrison's cold indifference to the gossip columnists, and self-assertion in his work—after being given the lead in *The Foxes Of Harrow* he refused to attempt to play the part in the way the producer wanted—had him in constant trouble.

One American critic said he developed a snootiness which alienated co-workers by the hundred. "The wonder of the whole thing is that Harrison didn't have his face bashed in," says another American report.

Ten years later Harrison was still producing a similar effect on some Americans. When he left the New York production of *My Fair Lady* he gave a party for the rest of the cast and stagehands. None of the stagehands turned up.

Harrison's general air is one of haggard elegance. His hair is thin: on stage he wears a toupee. His features have been described as ragged rather than rugged. Without the huge horn-rim spectacles that give his face an owlish stare, he is so short-sighted that he once passed his wife's restaurant table three times without recognizing her. One critic has referred to his "white creased face, like that of an old pantaloon clown."

Yet Harrison has never lacked personal magnetism. His light, dry voice can be charming as well as scornful. Clothed by West End tailors, his gaunt, hollow-chested frame takes on an air of distinction. "Women either love me or loathe me," he has said. He has been married three times. From 1933 to 1942 to Marjorie Thomas, then from 1943 to 1957 to Lilli Palmer.

Both these marriages had stormy periods in which Harrison's name was linked with other women. He was roughly treated by the American press in July, 1948, when actress Carole Landis committed suicide. Harrison had spent the previous evening at her home, and had been the last person to see her alive.

He discovered her body the following afternoon, after telephoning her without success several times. Lilli Palmer, who had been absent in New York, returned to stand by Harrison and to declare that Carole Landis had been a friend to both of them.

Another actress once friendly with Harrison describes him as "possessive and jealous, and not above hazarding a public scene if he suspects trespass on his interests."

Such a scene was reported a few days after Harrison was divorced from Lilli Palmer. At a party given by producer Charles Feldman, Harrison, according to several New York papers, slapped Frank Sinatra's face twice during a conversation about Sinatra's shirt which Kay Kendall had been admiring.

Both stars issued denials of the story. A day or two later chorus girls in *My Fair Lady* pinned a pair of boxing gloves to Harrison's dressing-room door. Harrison's third marriage to actress Kay Kendall, took place in June, 1957, in New York.

The same nervous tension which causes Harrison to spark off socially from time to time gives a dynamic thrust to his acting. He is so nervous before a performance that he always arrives at the theatre at the last possible moment, giving himself no time for anything but changing his clothes and making up.

Harrison is always eager to get to grips with a new part. When he was offered the lead in *My Fair Lady*, the first thing he did was to go daily to the finest music teacher in England to find out whether he could get through the songs satisfactorily. He knew he could not sing. Only when he was satisfied that he could enunciate the songs in the right key did he sign the contract.

John Van Druten, who wrote *Bell, Book, And Candle*, another Harrison success on both sides of the Atlantic, described him as "probably the most brilliant actor I've ever worked with. He is fantastically meticulous. He will try out whether to put his weight on his toes, heel or the ball of his foot when he is turning and delivering a line."

Harrison bestows the same loving care on his health and appearance as he does on his performance. He carries a box of pills with him everywhere. "It's a kind of phobia with me. I don't exactly take them but I want them there in case. Supposing I get an insect bite, a scratch, or stub my toe. I've got everything in my little box to deal with it. Travel sickness, insomnia, mosquito bites . . . I've something for all those, too."

Where food is concerned Harrison pampers himself like a ballet dancer. "His meals are chosen with infinite care," says Margaret Leighton, who knows him well. He takes a glass of hot water with lemon peel after every meal.

A London actress who had a small part in *The Rake's Progress* remembers thinking that Harrison was terribly fussy. "He spent hours combing his hair so that every hair was just right

"There now! Take this prescription to your outfitter!

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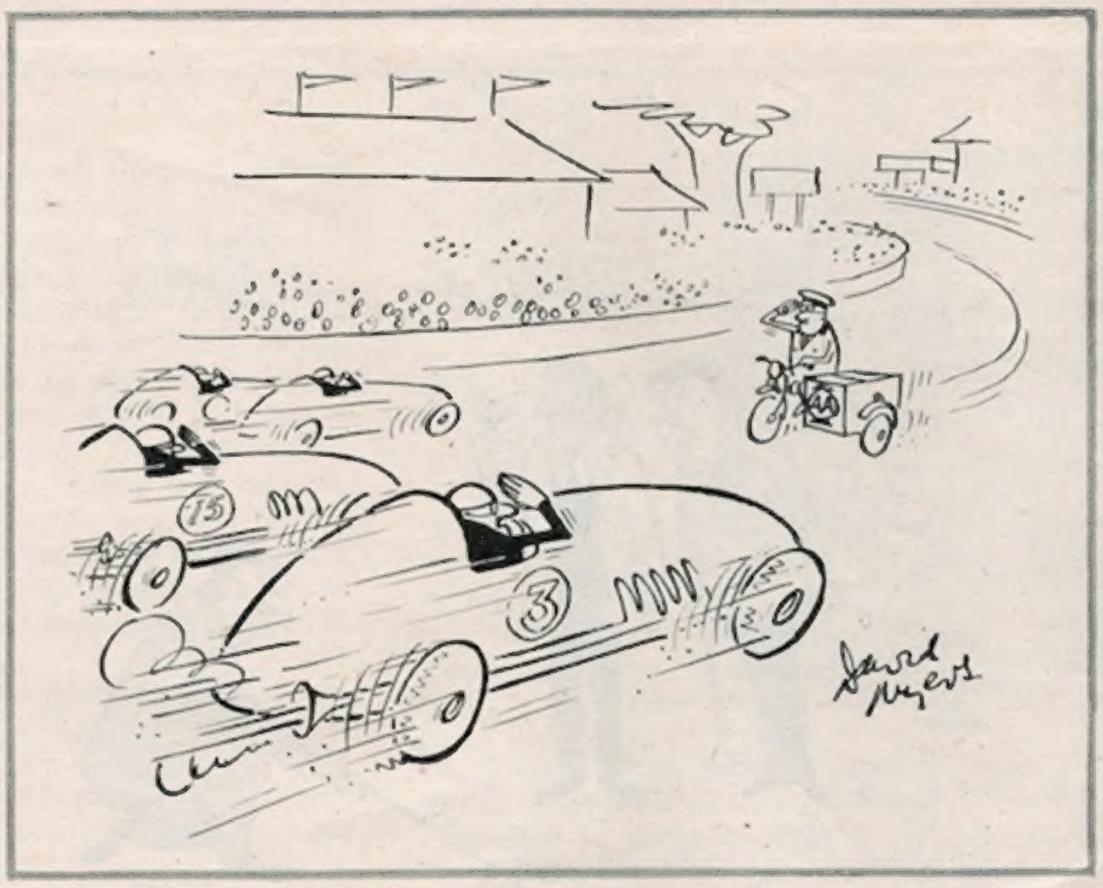

and he'd fly into a temper if anybody accidentally fussed it. Once he had a mirror and a comb in his hands, everybody would simply sit back and relax."

Harrison's carefulness and concentration do not go beyond his acting, and those aspects of himself most relevant to acting, his health and appearance. In other respects he has the reputation of being extremely vague.

In an effort to make him more money-conscious, his second wife, Lilli Palmer, once told him to make a note of all the money which he spent. He returned with a scrap of paper on which he had written down: "Taxi, one dollar fifty, tip fifty cents, miscellaneous items, eighty-three dollars." He often forgets appointments, or turns up for a dinner a day late. He leaves his hats and coats in restaurants and the houses of friends.

"He is generous with his possessions," says a friend. "He will readily agree to lend you his luxury car for the afternoon, then forget it and be bewildered and annoyed when he finds that it is not where he left it." When Harrison first went to Hollywood it was reported that one of the duties of his secretary was to buy six combs every two weeks to replace those that he lost or left lying about.

Reginald Carey Harrison was born in Huyton, Lancashire, on March 5, fifty years ago. At Liverpool College, where he was educated, he was remarked only for his exceptional neatness and lack of ability. "I was the backward boy, you know," he says. In his teens he learned to play a fair game of cricket, and rediscovered an interest in acting which had first been noticed at the age of eight. His mother once told Lilli Palmer that after a small part in a school play he had come home and rigged up a stage with curtains. She watched, expecting him to go through his part; instead, he practised taking bows.

After leaving school he spent several years with the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, and from there went to another repertory company in London. During this period Harrison went in for camel hair coats, a monocle, and a long cigarette holder, and cultivated mannerisms which he has never lost. He habitually concludes his remarks with the "Eh, what, old boy?" and "What, what?" beloved of Wodehouse's men about town.

He frequently shoots his immaculate cuffs, straightens the knot of his tie, and then runs his hand down it. This routine is so ingrained, says an old acquaintance, Harold French, that he has seen Harrison go through it solemnly in swimming trunks.

Harrison also rather fancied himself as a connoisseur of food and wine, says French. He remembers that at one meal he took a long time choosing a suitable wine. When it came, Harrison chewed a small piece of bread to clean his palate, sipped the wine, deliberated and, after a pause, spoke. "Hmm, not bad. Grown on the wrong side of the hill, I fancy, but quite acceptable."

Harrison's cultivated offstage personality helped him to secure his first West End rôle as the Hon. Freddie Thrippleton in a play called *Getting George Married*. Several years later, still in the aristocratic rut, he got his first big break as the Hon. Alan Howard in Terence Rattigan's *French Without Tears*.

During the war Harrison served with the Royal Air Force as a flight lieutenant in radar. After being discharged he went to America in 1945 to make *Anna And The King Of Siam*. After a success in this film he rejected scripts for months and then finally appeared in three flops.

He earned the reputation of being box office poison. He refused to play darling with Hollywood's female columnists. He walked out of a radio show ten minutes before it was due on the air because he did not like the script. He quarrelled with Lilli Palmer, who left for New York.

The American press reaction when he left was vituperative. "In all the years we have been covering the Hollywood front, we don't remember any actor, foreign or domestic, who breached so many rules of good taste in his conduct among his fellow workers as did Mr. Rex Harrison, the British actor, during his over two year stay in our midst," said the *Hollywood Reporter*.

For once Harrison was stung to retaliation. "Hollywood is done for," he wrote. "Hollywood and I have no future in common, and I don't know if Hollywood has a future at all. It is so egocentric it does not know the real world exists, and its social life is one of simply incredible, preposterous boredom." These were strong words for Harrison, who never bears a grudge.

"It is not surprising that Rex should have scored such a success in *My Fair Lady*," says Margaret Leighton. "It is a musical which is successful without compromise to the sentimental tastes of the public. Rex has never compromised. He has always done things his way, not the way he thought the public or the critics would like him to do them, and often not the way the producer wanted."

The chances are that in the future Harrison will be even less inclined to toe the line. During the New York run of *My Fair Lady* he was paid £1,800 a week, and by the time the London run is over he should have made the best part of £200,000 out of this one exercise of his independent and uncompromising talent. THE END

NAMES—4

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2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
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(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, May 24, for early news of Bullets No. 2,140 result.)

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Summit Of Success
Golden Days
At The White House
Thanks To Electricity
Epic Of 1958
A Joy To Behold
Hard Work
Peace Of The Countryside
What TV Can Do
Venturing Into The Unknown
Old Stick-in-the-mud
The Fleeting Hours
Losing Money
Shows He's In Love
Hair-raising
Unending Procession
Won't Wash
Music, Lights, Laughter

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as usual.

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Behind Those.....
The.....Shuddered And

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